

ROLLING STONE

ACME

APRIL 27, 1968

VOLUME I, No. 9, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

CLAPTON BUSTED; KMPX STRIKE
Beatles' Battle The Blue Meanies



A NEW MOVIE: BEATLES IN 'SEA OF PHRENOLOGY'



BLUE MEANIE BATTLE

LONDON John, Paul, George and Ringo will soon be pitted against the Apple Bonkers, the Butterfly Snappers and the Hidden Persuader Man in an effort to save the kingdom of Pepperland. And that's not all: with Old Fred, a portly gentleman dressed in a Carnaby Street naval uniform, the Beatles must pass through eight seas before they come to grips with the Blue Meanies, creatures with long ears, hairy bodies, cruel claws, and dark glasses.

All this action is a part of the plot of *The Yellow Submarine*, a full-length cartoon film featuring the Beatles, to be completed and released in theatres sometime after May. With a budget of one million dollars, King Features Syndicate, which long ago acquired the rights to cartoon animation of Beatles songs and characters, is near the end of a film that promises to be far superior and far more successful

than *Magical Mystery Tour*.

The Beatles were skeptical about the project at first—King Features had been doing a weekly series of inane "Beatletoons"—but have since seen it as a major artistic effort about them, and have lent their own voices for the characters and have written four new songs for the film. (The songs, "You Know the Name, Look Up the Number," "All Too Much," "Altogether Now," and "Northern Song," have already been recorded but will not be released until shortly before the film.)

"They were worried about being the stars of a film in which they didn't even appear," said Joan Coates, one of the three directors of the British company making the film. "But when they started visiting the studios and saw for themselves the animated figures, they were delighted. Now they are following developments closely."

—Continued on Page 4

ERIC CLAPTON BUSTED

LOS ANGELES Eric Clapton of the Cream and three members of the Buffalo Springfield were arrested in Los Angeles last week on misdemeanor charges involving marijuana.

Booked with Clapton were Neil Young, Richie Furay and Jim Messina, along with nearly a dozen others, including Furay's wife Nancy.

All were charged with "being at a place where it is suspected marijuana was being used," a misdemeanor offense. Bail was set at \$1,250 for each person arrested—standard for this charge—and all were released within 12 hours.

Arraignment for the Buffalo Springfield, and Furay's wife, was set for Tuesday, March 26. Clapton, now touring the U.S. with his trio, reportedly had his arraignment continued to a later date because of prior engagements.

They were arrested when Los Angeles County deputy sheriffs answered a "noisy party" com-

plaint at a private home in the wooded Topanga Canyon section, part of Los Angeles County but north of the city. Those present contend it was not a party, but a rehearsal, although two other members of the Buffalo Springfield—Steve Stills and Dewey Martin—were not present at the time.

The arrests were made late Wednesday, March 20.

Buffalo Springfield had other dope arrest problems recently. Messina, the bass player for the group, replaced Bruce Palmer, who had been deported to his native Canada following three marijuana arrests. The bust also comes on the heels of Neil Young's announcement that he is leaving the group to try it as a single.

Clapton is being represented legally by Bob Fitzpatrick, who has been serving as Cream's manager during this tour. The Buffalo Springfield are being represented by Irwin Spiegel.

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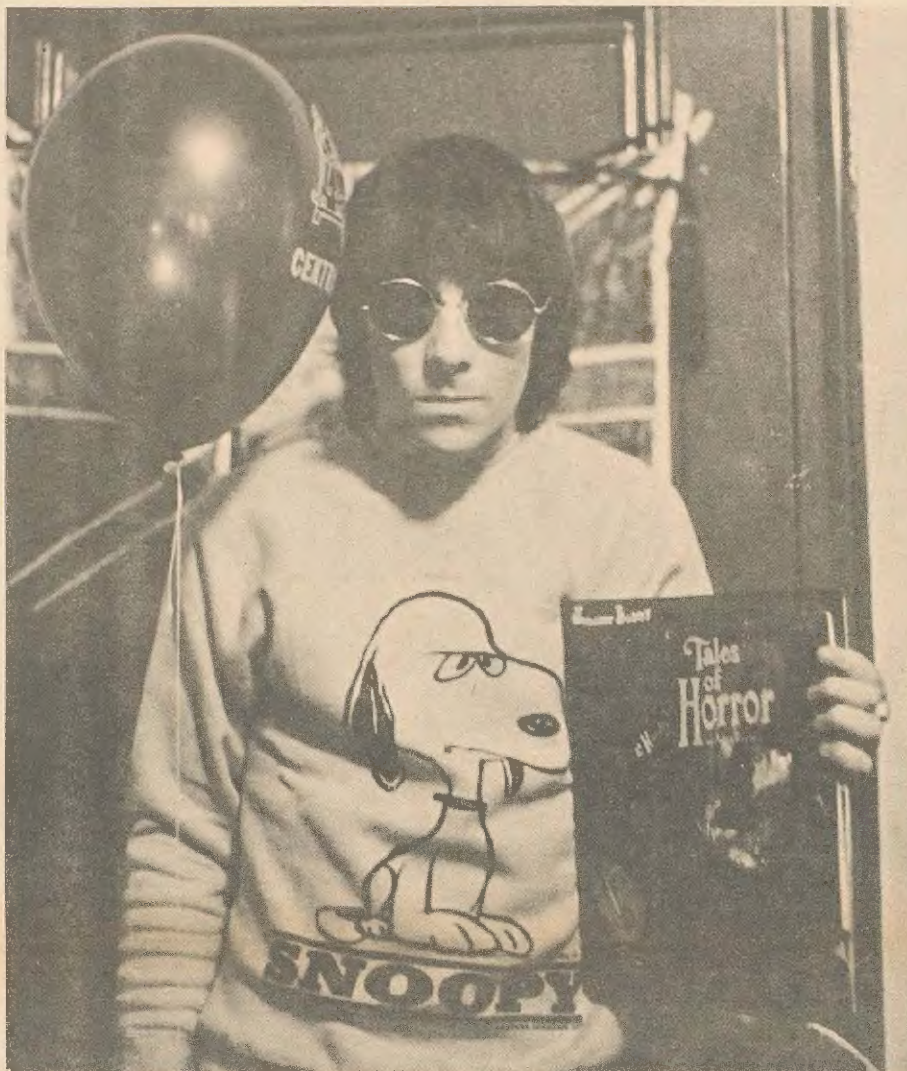


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CS 9626 (Stereo Only)



The Who's Keith Moon.

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Ralph J. Gleason

ART DIRECTOR:
John Williams

PRODUCTION/ADVERTISING:
Jerrold Greenberg

PHOTOGRAPHY:
Baron Wolman

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS:
Janie Schindelheim
Toni Kaufman
Henri Napier

CIRCULATION:
David Kane

NEW YORK: Sue C. Clark
BOSTON: Jon Landau
LONDON: Jonathan Cott

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE:

SIRS:

I was very disturbed to read the criticism of Jon Landau by Richard Olson (*Correspondence, Rolling Stone, March 7*.)

I think Jon is the authoritative R&B writer on the scene today. He is incisive, gets down to the nitty gritty and doesn't vitiate his comments with involved theorizing on social trappings and attitudinizing.

Landau's knowledge is profound and he is also very clued in on the technical aspects of recording.

By all means let's have more Landau articles in future Rolling Stones. He's one of the few pop writers for whom I have whole-hearted respect.

GERALD WEXLER
EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT
ATLANTIC RECORDS

Mr. Wexler once produced Ray Charles and currently produces Wilson Pickett and Aretha Franklin, among others.

SIRS:

Listen: Jon Landau is one of the finest writers you have and don't let nobody tell you different. I have never thought he needed defending. It's simply this: Landau knows what he's saying and you, reading a review, know what he's saying. When he writes an album review, you know what that album is like apart from his judgment of it. This may not make him stand out so clearly in Rolling Stone where the writing is more than readable. Landau's grasp of R&B alone makes him valuable in Rolling Stone.

VINCENT ALETTI
NEW YORK CITY

SIRS:

Last week, Winterland provided an evening of contrast when it hosted two of the newer three-man rock groups: Blue Cheer and Traffic. Blue Cheer, according to their promotion is "Heavy, Cosmic, Kinetic; it affects the visual and physical senses." Upon entering Winterland, my visual and physical senses were affected by someone's inadequate use of the wah-wah pedal. The criminal was Blue Cheer guitarist, Leigh Stephens and the song (my sympathies to Mose Allison) was "Parchment Farm." The use of controlled distortion by Stephens failed miserably to fill the group's rhythm gap and Blue Cheer's attempt at the San Francisco sound (via Cream & Hendrix) was ineffective.

The San Francisco sound grew out of an organic need, because the lack of a studio required groups to play dance halls, hence we have the long sets with the long solos. Blue Cheer attempted this through bassist, Dick Petersen's song, "Second Time Around", the lead-like drum solo of Paul Whaley succeeded only in creating noise. Noise seems to be what Blue Cheer is all about. They are convinced that those six Marshall amps with their 24 speakers (impressive as they look) can provide a wall of sound, but they only succeed in creating repetitious irritation and deafness (my hearing is still not functioning properly). Their single release "Summertime Blues" completely lacks the subtle punch of the Who version. The general lack of self-editing, mediocre arrangements and rotten phrasing screamed at me by bassist Petersen constitute Blue

Cheer's major problems. Their energy capacity is enormous, but inadequate channeling robs the audience of its full potential.

WILLIAM W. GLOVER
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

I don't know if Sue Clark saw another Woody Guthrie Memorial Concert but that is not a Fender acoustic guitar that Dylan is playing. It looks like a Martin 00-18 or 000-18. It is a Fender bass behind him though.

One more word on Fender basses; they seem to have become a generic term for any electric bass, kind of like all tissues are called Kleenex. This pisses me off. I've got nothing against Fender, but other people make basses too. It's a drag to read the back of an album and see "Joe Blow Fender Bass." Why don't you see "Jake Flake — Martin D-28 acoustic guitar with De Armond pickup"? If you're going to plug one guitar then plug others too. Fair's fair man. That goes for drums, piano, organ and horns, etc., etc., also.

BOB CODISH
DETROIT, MICH.

SIRS:

In your February 24th edition you ran a rather critical article on Big Brother and The Holding Company. True, to my way of thinking their album was poorly recorded. I think it was also very premature. But baby, when I heard them strike the first note of the first song of their first performance here in Salt Lake City, wild horses couldn't have moved me a bit.

"Janis Joplin is a 'Hard-Hitting Woman' who really knows how to drive it home." And the rest of the group are solid mind-blowers. They are good, kind, simple people with a great understanding of what they are doing now and are going to do in the future.

DENNIS MINER
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

SIRS:

After reading the first part of your interview with Michael Bloomfield, all I can ask is how did he ever learn to play the guitar and keep his mouth going at the same time. Did the interview take days or merely hours? Michael sure had a lot to say, a lot of it interesting and some of it even profound. First interview I've ever read where the questions were answered about two paragraphs later. Hire him. He's undoubtedly a good writer.

JANET BURKE,
NEW BRUNSWICK,
NEW JERSEY

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Left to right in the top row are Brian Jones, newly hireute, Donovan, also newly hireute, Ringo Starr, John Lennon, Cilla Black, and Paul McCartney, recently de-hirsuted. In the row below them are the members of Grapefruit, the first group sponsored by the Beatles' firm, Apple, Ltd. This photograph was taken at the press party held last month for the group. John Lennon made up the name for them. What is everybody drinking? Grapefruit juice.

FLASHES:

Monterey Festival Outlook is Better

The chances for a second Monterey International Pop Festival are much improved. The Directors of the Monterey Fairgrounds voted to go ahead with the negotiation of a new contract with John Phillips and Lou Adler. Their vote followed the 12-2 approval of a new festival by an advisory committee of local Monterey citizens. Final approval of any contract still rests in Sacramento, but it is felt that will come.

The Pop Festival was made to agree to several conditions and perform certain services as a condition to the contract. These include appointment of a full-

time local director for the Festival (who is expected to be Tim Michaud, last year's festival's best friend;) running some sort of religious service on the festival grounds; depositing advance sums of money with various local agencies including the Police Department; setting up a camp grounds; donating a percentage of the gross receipts to a local Monterey charity and financing some kind of anti-dope program.

Lou Adler, a co-director of the Festival, says that the conditions are not yet final, but will, with some adjustments, probably be agreed to if it is what it takes to have another Festival.

Rocker Revival Coming to England

Pop music observers in London are currently talking about the "great rock and roll revival." (In England, the term "rock" connotes music that took place before 1958, whereas "pop" implies current trends.) Latest indicator of their rock revival include the news that Bill Haley and His Comets will do a tour of the British Isles at the end of April.

In the middle of March, the company which handles Haley's label will release "Rock Around the Clock" and "Shake Rattle

and Roll" as two sides of a single. The same day, the company will release "Rave On" and "Peggy Sue" by Buddy Holly.

At the beginning of March, a single, "Guitar Man" by Elvis Presley, was making its way up the English charts and a group called "The Rock and Roll Revival Show" is also currently hot in the charts. Meanwhile the British trades are all featuring extravagant reports of groups bringing back the old hits and the old styles, including motorcycles and leather jackets.

Fairy Tale Film for Donovan

Donovan has just finished writing a script and a musical score for a film in which he is to star. Paul McCartney is likely to make a guest appearance in the movie, and discussions are taking place which may result in it being directed by Swedish director Ingmar Bergman. (Donovan appears in a London concert this month, and concert appearances are being set for April in Scotland and the North of England.) He has also been invited to write the music and narration for a film about the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

The film which Donovan has written, and in which he would star, is described as a "fairy-tale musical." He would play the role of a wandering minstrel,

with other "pop stars" featured as court minstrels. Paul McCartney has provisionally agreed to accept one of these roles.

Donovan's manager, Ashley Kozak, said, "The film is definitely going ahead. We have had offers from three companies who are anxious to make it. The delay so far has been in finding the right director, but only this week Ingmar Bergman has expressed interest in the project."

Another possible venture for Donovan is the film about the Maharishi, with whom he just spent a four-week vacation in India. During his visit he was expected to reach a decision on whether to write the music and narration for the picture.

BEATLES TO THE RESCUE

—Continued from Page 1

The illustrations, cartoons and drawings have been done by German illustrator Heinz Edelmann. In the end, the ninety-minute film will probably involve a total of more than a half million separate sketches.

Yellow Submarine will also feature seven earlier Beatle songs: "Yellow Submarine," of course, "Sergeant Pepper," "Eleanor Rigby" (in a scene which is the first moment one of the Beatles actually appears in the film, the song is in the background and Ringo is strolling down a rainy Liverpool street, asking himself "What do you do on a rainy day in Liverpool" at which point he realizes he is being followed by a yellow submarine, which begins the adventure; "All You Need is Love," "When I'm Sixty Four," "Nowhere Man" (which is the producer's favorite Beatle number), and "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds."

The story line is pure fantasy, concerning the melancholy wars of the people of Pepperland against the Blue Meanies who have invaded Pepperland and slowly removed the color from the country and its inhabitants. The Pepperlanders are reduced to sluggish grey shadows and their musical instruments are taken away from them and locked up in the Blue Meanie compound.

Old Fred, who is the conductor of Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, escapes by jumping in his yellow submarine. He whips up to Liverpool to enlist the help of the Beatles. On the way back to Pepperland they have to sail through eight seas. ("The seas are not necessarily watery," explains Director Coates. "They represent states of mind as much as anything else. One of the seas is inhabited by the Boob who represents the world's most hopeless intellectual." The Boob is a sheeplike creature with a large nose.)

The seas are the Seas of Time, Music, Science, Consumer Products, Nowhere (where the Boob lives), Monsters, Green Phrenology (the study of heads), and Holes. The characters they meet

in the seas include Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, the United States Cavalry, Napoleon, Einstein, Freud, King Kong, Paul McCartney's "clean old Dad" (from *Hard Day's Night*), cowboys and Indians, Father McKenzie (from "Eleanor Rigby"), the Sheik, Cicero and Lucy, the one who lives in the sky, with diamonds.

When they reach Pepperland, they face Robin, the Butterfly Stomper, who is a cross between Batman and an Americanized football player; the Hidden Persuader Man, who smokes cigars and has a pistol inside his shoe; the Dreadful Flying Glove and the Snapping Turtle Turk, whose stomach opens up into a pair of jaws; and the Apple Bonkers, characters who crush skulls.

The Beatles dress up in the uniforms of Sergeant Pepper's Band, and take on the colorless people. The ending is a surprise; no one will say what happens except that it rivals any Western around.

An official biography of the Beatles will be released later this year by McGraw-Hill. The book has just been completed by 32-year old Hunter Davies (author of *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*) who spent fourteen months traveling all over the world with the Beatles. Davies has had the cooperation not only of the Beatles themselves, but also of their families, friends and business associates at NEMS and EMI (the groups English record company).

Davies has hunted up photographs from all over the world and says he has only one problem with the biography: "By the time the book is in the shops, it will be out of date. I had to end it somewhere, but I could have gone on and on. It's the kind of thing I could have added a chapter a week to."

McGraw-Hill, who have pledged \$35,000 to promote the book, scheduled September 30 as the release date.

In answer to questions about why he wanted to do the book, Davies said this: "I'm a fan, that's simple enough."

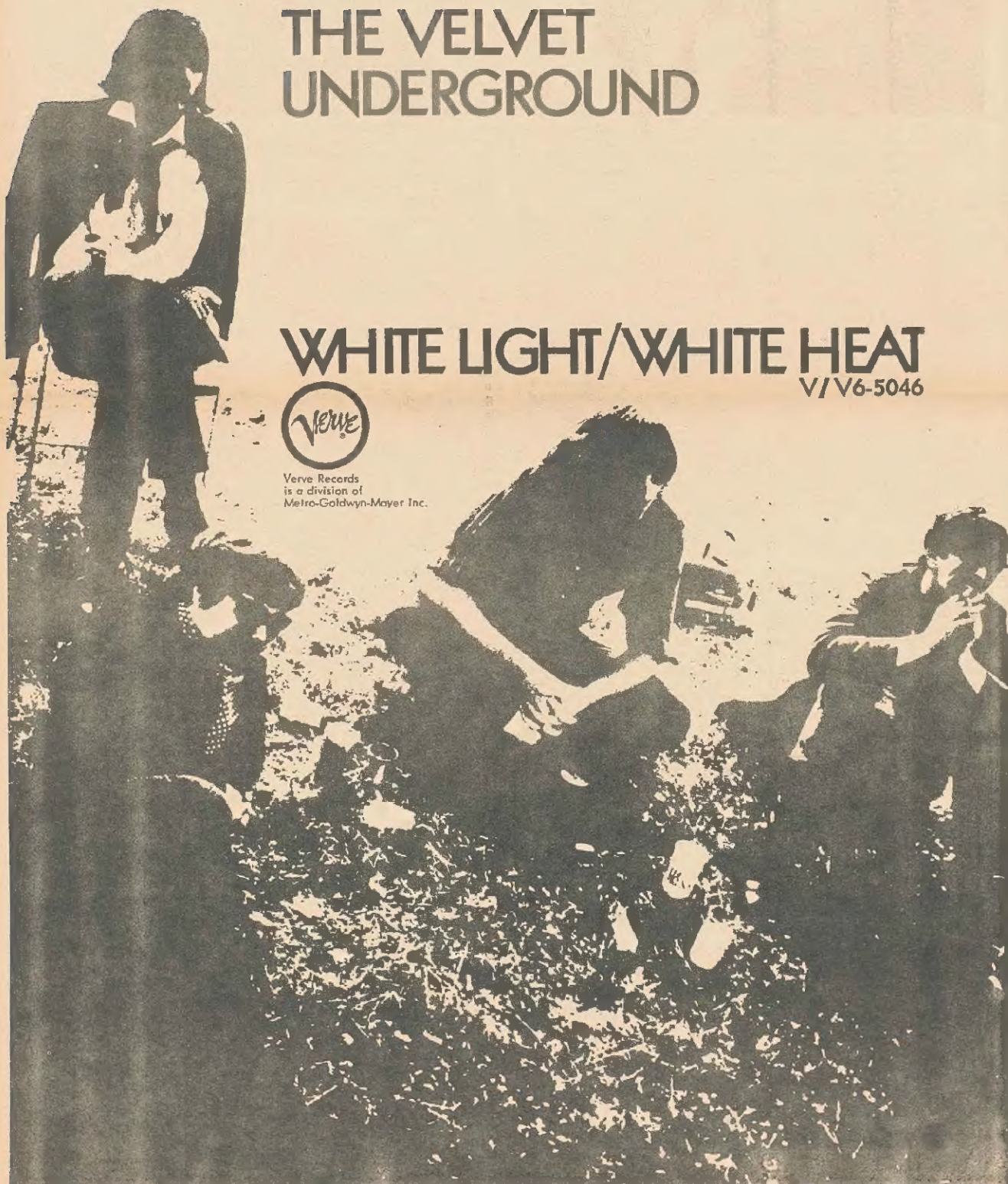
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Doors Crucify Jim Morrison

The Doors color "movie" is a three to four minute film with "Unknown Soldier" as a soundtrack. The film begins with Ray Manzarek lighting a cigarette at a window, followed by still shots of the Doors in New York street scenes.

Then the Doors are seen walking along a Los Angeles Beach: Jim Morrison with his arms full of a sheaf of flowers, Ray with tamboura, Robbie with sitar, and John with tabla. They arrive at what appears to be a deserted playland, where the other Doors tie Jim Morrison to a post with multi-colored cords. As a gunshot sounds on the soundtrack/record, Morrison (who at this point looks not unlike St. Sebastian), grimaces and "dies." His head falls forward, his mouth opens and "blood" falls from his mouth onto the flowers he had carried onto the beach, which must be at his feet. The other Doors are seen, seated near his

feet, playing the Indian instruments.

The next scenes are ABC newsreel footage of the war in Vietnam; a sudden still shot of a baby; followed by old ABC newsreel footage of the celebration of the end of World War II in Times Square, as Jim Morrison sings "it's over . . . it's all over" on the soundtrack. The end of the film shows the Doors, minus Morrison, leaving the beach, walking off with their Indian instruments and a dog.

The film was produced and directed by Ed Dephourse and Mark Abramson of Upstart Films, a new division of Elektra Records. They expressed the opinion that the film and its soundtrack should not be thought of separately, but should be considered as "one experience." They also feel that "everyone should make up his own mind as to what the film is about."

Jagger Volunteers to Serve

Mick Jagger has agreed to be a "working sponsor" of the "First European International Pop Festival," now scheduled to take place in Rome May 4 through 10. What this exactly means is rather unclear but it does add somewhat to the shaky authority of the sponsors of the event.

The Festival's sponsors have apparently signed Donovan, whose name they are using as a headline to a recent advertisement in the English Press re-

announcing the Pop Festival. The advertisement listed about fifty other acts, but did not claim they would appear, only that they had been invited.

The "invited" acts include a number of San Francisco groups. However none of them, and over 75% of the "invited" performers, are not now scheduled or signed for the event. The biggest name they have is Donovan, and they seem to be depending on him to carry the show.

Monkees Give Zappa Bum Steer

Frank Zappa of the Mothers of Invention flew into Los Angeles for a "walk-on" in the first Monkees feature. He is the only pop star—except for the Monkees, of course—scheduled to appear in the film.

Zappa plays the role of a cowman in the production, sharing the camera in one scene with Davey Jones and a huge white-faced steer named Torro.

"What happens is this," Zappa said between takes. "Davey finishes singing a really cruddy song, like 'Winchester Cathedral,' and I come up to him, pulling

this bull behind me, and I tell him the song is a piece of—"

In actuality, Zappa's lines were somewhat subtler, delivered ad lib as is much of the rest of the film. "But," Zappa said, "no question about it, they have me saying the song is rotten—which it is." He paused and grinned. "They're trying to make a heavy out of me."

The film is as yet untitled and is tentatively set for a late summer release by Columbia. It is being produced by Raybert Productions, producers of the recently cancelled Monkees TV series.

Miller Band Gets Off Light

Steve Miller, leader, and Edward O'Brien, road manager, of the Steve Miller Band were convicted on narcotics charges by a London court and ordered to pay fines of 10 pounds (\$25.20). All the other band members, arrested along with Miller and O'Brien, went free after arraignment.

English observers considered the penalties, which included one year's probation, to be very light, especially in the light of the stiff

sentences handed out to members of the Rolling Stones for a similar offense. The band will be allowed to return to England and work there, according to manager Harvey Kornspan, himself a fugitive from British justice.

The Steve Miller Band has returned to the United States for a national tour. They will be back in San Francisco, their home base, on May 1.

Fish to Hit France—On Film

Four San Francisco rock and roll bands are featured in the film *Revolution* by Jack O'Connell: Country Joe and the Fish, Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Steve Miller Blues Band and Mother Earth. The movie, which will be in theaters by the end of April, is a likely entry in this year's Cannes Film Festival, held on the French Riviera.

Revolution's central character is a girl self-named Today Malone, whom O'Connell discovered dancing at the Avalon Ballroom

one night. Also appearing in the film—an attempt, says its maker, to present the hippies as they are, without moralizing or "explanation"—are Ed Denson, manager of the Fish; Lou Gottlieb of the Morning Star Ranch; Ann Halpern's nude dancers and Herb Caen, San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist, telling how he was first turned on to marijuana by a S.F. Police Department sergeant whom he accompanied on a narcotics raid as a 17-year-old cub reporter.



Tragedy Comes to Frank Zappa: 'They Called Us Entertainment'

BY SUE C. CLARK

NEW YORK
"Everybody who interviews me doesn't know a fucking thing about what we do. They always come in and say 'Hi! Who are you?'"

Speaking his feelings in no uncertain terms was Frank Zappa, the extremely talented, witty and perceptive producer, musical director and guitarist of The Mothers of Invention. It seems that not only are broadcasters "deaf" to the Mothers' music, but they don't want the public to hear it either, and have managed to keep The Mothers' records off the airwaves as much as possible. The Mothers, however, were invited to play at the National Academy of Recording Arts and Science (NARAS) dinner in New York. The resultant rumors in New York music industry circles cried for a little clarification.

The first rumor concerned The Mothers' playing "psychedelic" music, which Frank introduced with "All year long you people manufactured this crap, and one night a year you've got to listen to it!" He continued with "your whole affair is nothing more than a lot of pompous hokum, and we're going to approach you on your own level." In further describing the "psychedelic music" Frank added, "so we played some of the ugliest shit we could do . . . they expected that we play ugly shit . . . I have the program which says 'Music By Woody Herman; Entertainment by The Mothers of Invention.' They figured it was part of the 'entertainment.' They booted us after we were finished."

Even Frank doesn't know how The Mothers were selected to play NARAS. "I guess everybody thought it would be a good gag. A lot of people were really offended that we were there. There were some people that really liked it. I thought we played very well. I'll tell you a couple of receptive people: there's John McClure, who is head of Classical A & R for Columbia Masterworks, one of the last people in the world I would expect to like what we do, came up—you see we played twice: we played during the show and we played while people were putting their coats on; you know, the relief band. Woody Herman already had packed up, collected his bread and split. We're still honking away—and he said, "When you get tired of that dip shit label you're on, why don't you come and make a deal with Columbia Masterworks." I thought that was kind of nice of him."

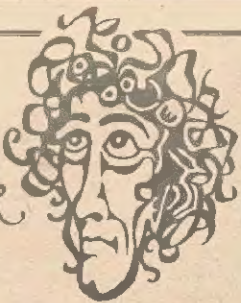
"And then Jerry Wexler comes creeping out of the woodwork and he says, 'My son's in college and he has all of your records.' I said, 'Gee, I hope it hasn't affected his work!' He was really nice. He really like it."

In further discussing the "entertainment" concept, Frank observed, "I think it's sort of tragic when you turn out to be the 'entertainment' when you happen to be one of the best musical organizations operating, and wind up being used as the 'entertainment.' You know if people really perceived the music we play properly, it might 'entertain' them, but they're more inter-

—Continued on Page 19



John J. Rock



BITS OF THE BEATLES: Very tentative discussions are taking place in New York City for the Beatles to do a concert with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. That seems to be where it's at. The Beatles are also currently reading scripts for their next film, which they are anxious to get started by this summer. Ringo says he wants something where the four of them play the various sides of one character, but they still haven't got the right storyline for that. John Lennon and Paul McCartney, before they went to India, sent Ray Charles a telegram congratulating him on the occasion of the Grammy Award nomination for his recording of *Yesterday*. "Ray Charles' genius goes on and on," the wire read, "We love your heart and soul."

GROUPS, LIKE AMOEBAS, seem to be drifting, floating, fracturing, adding, subtracting and generally going through various personnel changes: The Byrds have added a fourth member (for the fourth time) Graham Parsons on keyboard . . . Canned Heat lost Frank Cook on drums; Cook now manages and drums for the Pacific Gas and Electricity company . . . Grateful Dead have taken on a second drummer, Micky Hart . . . Roy Haynes, formerly with Stan Getz and Sarah Vaughn, among many, has replaced Bobby Moses on drums with the Gary Burton Quartet . . . (Free Spirits, the group Larry Coryell was with before joining the Burton Quartet, has moved permanently to the San Francisco area from New York). . . Nick Gravenites and Barry Goldberg have left the Electric Flag, and are currently doing production work in Los Angeles. Herbie Rich, who was the Flag's tenor player, has replaced Barry on keyboard. Stenzie Hunter has replaced Herbie on horn.

THE BLUES PROJECT will soon be no more on this earth. Danny Kalb has left the group—now based in Mill Valley—and returned to New York. The remaining three members—Roy Blumenfeld and Andy Kuhlberg, from the original Project and John Gregory, formerly of the Mystery Trend, and of the New Blues Project—are planning to drop the name in the next two weeks after fulfilling some commitments. They hope to find a violinist, two vocalists and a man for woodwinds for a new, as yet, unnamed group. Meantime, Kuhlberg says one more Blues Project album is due with various recent pieces, none of them with Al Kooper, and only some of them with Danny Kalb.

DON'T FOLK WITH ME: Joan Baez has announced she will marry David Harris, the former student president of Stanford University, who led a number of anti-draft and anti-Vietnam activities. Joanie, of course, continues to say yes to the boys who say no . . . Arlo Guthrie is going to be a movie star: Arthur Penn, who directed *Bonnie and Clyde* is going to make a film of "Alice's Restaurant." The main role has yet to be cast, but Arlo is definitely signed to play himself as is Stockbridge Police Chief William J. Obenheim. The film is scheduled to begin production in August . . . Have you ever looked at the liner note credits for the musicians on Tom Rush's *Second Album* record? Listed for piano is *Roosevelt Gook*, undoubtedly that funky little dwarf who also sings under the name of Bob Dylan.

WHO IS QUINN THE ESKIMO? "Come on without, / Come on with-in, / You'll not see nothing like this" . . . Maharishi Mahesh Yogi? Dylan's lyric reads: "Everybody's beneath the trees, feeding pigeons on the limb; When Quinn the Eskimo gets here all the pigeons going to run to him."

CHEETAH MAGAZINE, the ill-fated magazine that was supposed to be the "hip Playboy," and/or the "new youth" magazine, has just about given up its ghost. Their advertising never went anywhere from their first issue; their cover price increased and even with a change of editors, the articles remained dull, poorly-conceived and pointless. Now the second editor is leaving and the magazine has been sold to new owners. But what are they buying? the name? . . . **SCENE** magazine, a nowhere publication owned by Esquire, also aimed at the "youth market," puts out its final issue in April.

WHO IS KIDDING WHOM about Blue Cheer? They are probably all John J. Rock Good Guys, but, according to Jann Wenner, who is notorious in his love of San Francisco groups, they sure are a drag. Jann explains: "It's nice that they have long hair and can afford a dozen Marshall amplifiers, but the same with Peter Fonda, and that doesn't make him a musician either. They must be kidding. If you are going to start a rock and roll band, the thing is that you should know something about music."

W. C. FIELDS DEPT: Just this last piece of intelligence from Middle Earth. Pinnacle Productions, a group of former surfers in Los Angeles who have been putting on great shows at the Shrine Exposition Hall (Hendrix, Cream, Springfield, Dead, Traffic, etc.), have tentatively set up a booking for a Mothers' Day Dance—The Mothers.

BARON WOLMAN



Milan Melvin: His hair got in the works

KMPX-KPPC SHUT DOWN: FM WORKERS STRIKE FOR RIGHTS

BY JERROLD GREENBERG
and BEN FONG-TORRES

SAN FRANCISCO

At three o'clock in the morning on Monday, March 18, the entire staff of the nation's best rock and roll station walked out on strike — and right into the midst of an impromptu block party. The employees of KMPX-FM, who began work as volunteers for minimum pay, claimed they had been censored, spied on, denied a fair share of the station's profits and persecuted because of "the whole long hair riff." The moment for the strike was selected by Philip Hammond, station janitor and the astrologer, who counseled that the position of the moon at time meant "there were no bad aspects."

The strikers have formed a union, the Amalgamated American Federation of International FM Workers of the World, Ltd. They insist that artistic freedom, the right to play the best possible music and conduct shows without interference or restriction, is the central issue in the dispute. A pay raise, while important, is only secondary.

"Management's idea of programming has recently been governed by paranoia and not creativity," said Milan Melvin whose resignation as KMPX sales manager along with that of Tom Donahue, former programming director for both stations, led to the strike. Donahue and Melvin "were forced to resign in order to preserve their personal integrity and the collective integrity of both stations," the AAFIFMWV charged.

Management, in the shape of the Crosby-Pacific Broadcasting Corporation here and Crosby-Avery in Los Angeles, has neither confirmed nor denied these claims. But the Board of Directors (Leon Crosby, himself

a former Dixieland DJ under the nom du radio Country Lee, Louis Avery, principal backer, and attorney Harry Rogers) agreed to meet with negotiating committees from both stations after five days of the strike and after first holding out for separate negotiations. It has been rumored before and during the strike, that the stations will soon become the property of new owners.

No one denies that the "new look" at KMPX—formerly a foreign language station with one all night rock program—was instituted by Donahue along the lines started by former all-night DJ Larry Miller has been a huge success. Since taking over as program director just over a year ago he has hired a staff of hip, non-screaming disc-jockeys, came up with the idea of an all-girl engineering department and held down an announcer's slot himself for a while (the economy-sized Donahue was known as "Big Daddy" during his Top-40 days on KYA). Not only is KMPX one of the top-rated stations in Northern California, AM or FM, but its advertising revenues have increased from \$3,000 a month to an average of \$25,000. The fortunes of KPPC have shown an even more dramatic increase since Crosby purchased it in December and installed Donahue as Program Director.

But the employees have not shared in this cornucopia. The announcers still make the same \$100 a week they started with.

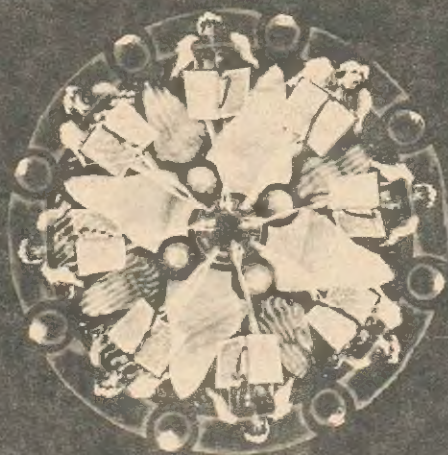
Included in this bracket are Bob McClay, 27-year-old former program Director at KYA (one of San Francisco's Top-40 stations), and Bob Postle, a KMPX veteran who handles the all-night shift. Lone exception is Ed Bear, 28, who was getting \$125 weekly paycheck. And he got

—Continued on Page 22

YOU CAN HOLD IT IN YOUR HANDS...BUT...NOT IN YOUR MIND



**CADET
CONCEPT** **Rotary Connection**



Angelica wet with wine.
Tears sliding slowly
up a forehead.
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PERSPECTIVES: MONEY JUNGLE UNDERBRUSH

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

The popular music business, and especially the incredible boom of the post-Beatle era, has placed more decisions concerning big sums of money, copyrights, royalties and commissions in the hands of young people than anything before in our history.

And the logical result of having so many decisions made by people with no experience in the workings of the money jungle, with an idealistic view of mankind, and with a great thirst for success and fame, is that they get screwed.

The brief history of rock and roll is cluttered with the stories of guys who had a tune stolen from them, guys who were defrauded by their manager, their agent, whose partners ran off with the money, etc., etc., etc.

One group I know of had its entire bankroll (most of it from the recording dates for their first album) simply stolen by their manager. He took the checks and cashed them and split.

Another group I know of never even got an accounting from their manager for the huge advance a major record company gave them for signing and their first album.

A third group, led on by a manager who kept them on the edge of starving for months while he dickered with all kinds of companies for a contract, signed for less than \$4,000 and then, to pay the rent and settle their other debts (including what their electronic equipment cost), bartered their publishing rights away.

The song publishing thing is really simple and if you are cheated on it, it's your own fault for being too lazy to read the simple book "How to Get Your Song Recorded" which was discussed here a couple of weeks ago (*Rolling Stone*, December 14, 1967).

The rest of it is a bit different.

The music business is set up to deal with individual performers who are the leaders of their musical unit and who themselves hire the other players (as sidemen). The concept of a group as a cooperative unit, each member equal to the other and performing under a group name and not the name of one individual, is relatively new.

So you must protect the name. Get legal advice on this immediately. Sign nothing, ever, that gives the right to your name to any one else and, if you really believe in your talents and potential, never sign with anyone (manager or record company) who has a name and owns it and wants musicians to work under it. There are plenty of examples of good groups who went through this in several variations.

Make sure that from the beginning the entire group, each separate person, understands thoroughly exactly how the money is to be divided and decide then and there if you want your manager to be a partner or to pay him on a commission basis.

Many groups have partnership agreements with their managers in which the manager is an equal member of the group. Many others have a percentage arrangement with him. These vary, some running up to 25%, which is rather high. A general average for good ones is about 20%. Some of these also have provision for beginning the manager's percentage after the group reaches a certain level of earnings.

The main thing, of course, is not to sell more of yourself than is necessary. Frank Sinatra, when he was a kid singer breaking in with the Tommy Dorsey band, supposedly sold 110% of himself!

The manager ought to do the business but it will be of inestimable help if you will try to understand as much of it as you can without twisting your head all out of shape.

Managers, like record companies, want winning groups. That's how they make money. So they give you a selling job. Remember that if you have talent and if you have the potential to make money (which is what the managers and the record companies are after) on the day the guy talks to you, you will still have it a couple of days later when you've read the contract and taken it to a lawyer. In other words, sign nothing in a hurry. Ever. Read it and have it read. You can get lawyers if you have anything going for and can prove it by audience reaction. Ask the other groups who have themselves set up.

In order to make money out of music; i.e., to play dances and concerts and clubs and to make records, it is necessary to join the American Federation of Musicians. This is a drag in some ways, but they got a monopoly and it is like buying a license to do business.

Have your manager (or your lawyer) familiarize himself with their rules and regulations and ask advice from other bands and don't get into a jam with the union.

Usually, it works out (if you want to be a touring band) that a booking agency is useful. These are salesmen who arrange tours for you, sell dates in other cities which you can't do yourself. They get an average of 15% on a concert or one night engagement and 10% on the longer ones.

You and your manager ought to handle the record company contract yourself with advice from a good lawyer. Most of the recent lucrative contracts for San Francisco bands have been negotiated by lawyers or with lawyers intimately involved. Brian Rohan, for instance, was deeply involved in the contract with Capitol of the Quicksilver Messenger Service and with United Artists for the soundtrack to *Revolution*.

The thing to remember about the record company is that an advance is money they give you which they will charge against your future royalties and that a bonus is simply that. A gift to you for signing. You may not get one (few do) but don't confuse an advance with a bonus. They ain't the same thing.

Record companies want your publishing. It helps them make money. Don't do it unless your lawyer advises you to under special circumstances which you completely understand.

So the rule follows. Sign nothing until you know what you're doing. And above all, sign nothing in a hurry. You will always regret that. No record company will walk away from you if you say wait until I read it and show it to my lawyer. No record company that is worth anything to you in the long run, anyway. And remember that no matter what anybody says, no condition or promise is going to be binding unless it is in writing.

Also, remember that, except for a few provisions such as the American Federation of Musicians scale for a recording session, no contract is standard. Some things they have to do by virtue of the state and the union etc., but there are dozens of others which they can and will (under the right conditions) alter to fit your specific requirements.

Don't be afraid to ask and remember it's your ass if you sign. For instance, a provision in the contract with United Artists for the sound track to *Revolution* prevents the record company from having the exclusive rights for five years to the songs on the album. This is usually considered "standard" but it really isn't. It can be—and in this instance it certainly was—negotiated differently. A shorter time limit with a governor computed by the gross dollar sales of the album was substituted.

One manager I know of convinced the group that the record company would not sign them unless they agreed to his being the producer (for which he got a percentage). This was pure Jesse James. That's all.

A manager must give you an accounting. You have a moral and legal right to know what happened to the money and if he won't give you an accounting and keeps stalling you, there's a good chance he's concealing something he doesn't want you to know.

There's nothing at all mysterious about the money jungle. It's just that it's a drag to work in and to clutter up your mind with all that crap. But it is all logical. The basic principle is that they want to make as much as they can and give you as little as they can convince you to take. Tell them anything but give them a pen and make them sign, is the riff.

There are a lot of crooks but there are honest managers too. Just like the rest of the world. And if the guy is honest, he'll want you to check it all out so you can't scream at him later.

Remember they can't make you do anything unless you want to. Colloquially translated, this means you have to have larceny in your blood in order to get gypped, as all swindlers know. Unless you lust for something for nothing and are willing to cheat the other guy, you won't be taken.

Read the books: *This Music Business* and *How to Get Your Song Recorded*. Ask advice from the managers of the big groups and their lawyers and don't rush in, pen at the ready, in order to sign your rights away.

Look before you sign.



Bill Graham

S. F. BALLROOM CIRCUIT GROWS

San Francisco, where the rock and roll dance concert, originated, is rapidly becoming the hub of a na-

tional network of ballrooms and concert halls. The local scene is showing more signs not only of growth, but of

health as well, than at any time in the past year, now supporting three full time ballroom operations on the weekends, plus assorted other gigging.

The Fillmore East, Bill Graham's venture in New York, opened last month to local critical acclaim and popular success. "It's making waves ten feet high," according to one music industry-alist; "Looks like an enormous money-maker," said another. The opening night performance of Janis Joplin of Big Brother and the Holding Co. drew raves; the Doors were featured in a subsequent show. Despite rumors of moves to London and other places, Graham insisted, "I have no intention of franchising this operation. There will not be a Tucson Fillmore I am not expanding after New York."

The Family Dog has reversed the downhill trend of its Denver branch after a shake-up in the police department there. Chet Helms has been devoting his full time attention to the Denver Dog so Whitey Allen, late of Portland, is now running the show

at the Avalon Ballroom where Family Dog dances are held in San Francisco. Allen is also responsible for coordinating operations with ballrooms in Portland, Oregon, Vancouver, B.C., and Anchorage, Alaska. "By working together and guaranteeing the bands four weeks of work, we can present better music than when we were going it alone at the Avalon," he said.

Ron Rakow, who helped put on the Great Northwest Tour of the Grateful Dead and Quicksilver Messenger Service, has leased the Carousel Ballroom near downtown San Francisco for a series of weekend dances that have so far featured the Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Chuck Berry and Country Joe & The Fish. The Carousel holds substantially more people than the Fillmore or Avalon . . . and a lot more of them dance. The owners of the Carousel also run a chain of dance halls in England and on the Continent, and has reached an agreement with Rakow about using them for a tour of American rock bands.

THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW: MIKE BLOOMFIELD (PART TWO)

Mike Bloomfield is well known as one of the handful of the world's finest guitarists. His first substantial professional experience was with a group known as "the group" in Chicago. Shortly after that he joined the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, did several sessions for Bob Dylan, and then left Butterfield to form his own group, the Electric Flag, which has just released their first album.

This interview was conducted by Jann Wenner at the end of February just before the Flag left for a string of appearances across the country. The taping was done at Michael's home in Mill Valley.

The first and major part of the interview was carried in the last issue of Rolling Stone, and may be obtained by sending 35¢ to "Mike Bloomfield Interview, Rolling Stone, 748 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103."

Why do you think you could play better with Dylan now?

When they played the songs back in the studio and the cats were listening, it was an incredible thing. Bob is a weird cat, you know: weird music, weird words, weird session. You know, "Where's the charts? Where's the papers? Chord sheets?" Very weird. But I had never been on a professional, big-time session with studio musicians. I didn't know anything. I liked the songs. If you had been there, you would have seen it was a very disorganized, weird scene. Since then I've played on millions of sessions and I realize how really weird that Dylan session was.

How long did the album take?

Not long, two or three days.

Did Dylan take a strong control of the session?

No, he's never in charge of anything. He merely sings his songs. He sings them and the musicians fit themselves around them. He sings these long, complex, meaningful songs over and over. It's a drag for him to do over. And Dylan didn't want to have a hand in the music. He's a poet. He wants to publish in a listenable, consumable form. The music was not his job. It's the musicians' job. His job is to write.

But it doesn't look like it will continue like that, does it?

It's going to be different on the next album. He's with a band, he plays with a band, he's a real band cat. He has lots to say about what's happening. The next album will probably be more developed as a piece of music with more emphasis on change.

What other dates have you played?

The Mitch Ryder Album, *What Now My Love*, a couple of Sleepy John Estes albums and John Hammond albums, and a record recorded by a Chicago group. All sorts of singles. I've done a lot of studio work.

What kind of material have you done on your album?

A soul tune, and there's a shuffle, a blues that shuffles like an old rock and roll number. The album is all-right. Some of it's really groovy. But some of it isn't groovy at all. It's not at all what I would dig it to be, because I didn't know what I know now.

I saw your band debut at Monterey. The audience seemed to love it, but the group seemed pretty poor to me. It was like a setup.

I felt we played abominably, and they loved us. I thought it was floaky. I couldn't understand man, how could a band play that shitty and have everyone dig them? I said "Well, it's festival madness." Yeah, it was a set up.

I don't know who did it. I don't know who was guilty. I think still that it's floaky from that moment on. I don't know what it was. Monterey will remain a straight, jive pop phenomenon. You now, if we'd gone



The Electric Flag: (Lr) Peter Strazza, Nick Gravantes, Marcus Doubleday, Barry Goldberg, Harvey Brooks, Mike Bloomfield and Buddy Miles.

on first we would have bombed. We went on last.

I'm glad you know, too.

Man, Barry and I looked at each other and we figured, "Wow, what a bomb." How could we have the image of a super band? We're slebs, secret assholes. This is not a super band; the only thing super in the band is Buddy. Buddy is Super-spade. If you melted down James Brown and Arthur Conley and Otis Redding into one enormous spade, you'd have Buddy. He's about all that there is. He is the quintessence of all R&B amassed in one super talented human being. Buddy is super power; everybody else is just human.

You really think he's that superior?

In that field he's the last word. A genius. His singing is just superb, his drumming is just the best. He's the superman. That's what they were digging in Monterey; everybody dug him. Dig, man, after all that white blues, they got to see the real McCoy, and that was Buddy Miles. Man, after Miller and Big Brother and Butter, and Canned Heat and all of this, finally there he was, a big blues man, socking it to you. And that's what they dug. I think we were very earnest, we played very hard. Everyone was very nervous. I was so nervous, man I had just heard Butterfield, I had never heard anything sound better. Then I heard Miller who sounded so good I was dizzy; everyone sounded out of sight. Then we went up there and it was like cripples.

Do you like playing for audiences whose form of appreciation is lying around the stage, totally zonked?

I see it so much now I don't care. It's just that the Avalon looks funny when it's empty. There's just nothing but bodies laying there. And it's just funny. I've played in places where old colored women in their sixties have lifted their dresses in front of me with nothing on underneath. Man, I've seen it; I've seen gusty shit. You know, gusty shit is gusty shit. You know what really put me up tight? I played Holy Cross and there was nothing but goyim. That really put me up tight. It was wrong, I didn't see any Jews. I didn't know what it was, but I knew it was wrong. What really put me up tight was to see all those Wasps in one room.

You just played on the same show with Jimi Hendrix—what do you think?

Great. Monstrous. Really talented cat, super together cat. Now here is a young cat, extremely talented. For years, all the Negroes who'd make it into the white market made it through servility, like Fats Domino, a lovable, jolly, fat image,

or they had been spades who had been picked up by the white market. Now here's this cat you know—"I am a super spade man, I am like black and tough. And I will fuck you and rape you and do you in, and I'm bad-assed and weird." Not only that, I mean that's his image which he sets forward about as well as anyone can. I mean there's no mistaking what's happening. He plays his ass off; he writes cool songs; he's got a good group. His few albums are some of the best albums ever recorded in the world. How often do you ever see someone really together in image and in head? In everything it's all there, out front. The music fits in with the person, the person fits in with the music and all is one.

What other guitar players, other than B. B., do you dig?

I'll tell you other people that I like. I like the guitar player for the Beatles, George Harrison. I like Peter Townshend, he's a good guitar player. Henry Vestine, he plays with Canned Heat. One of the best bands I have heard was the Sons of Champlin, a San Francisco group, pretty outrageous, fantastic lead, guitar player. Oh man, things are just on really high standards of musicianship. I like most everything.

Now, man, you're going to get drugged by this. I've read almost all your articles about San Francisco and you love them, because you love San Francisco and you love them, and it's got your head—man, music coming out of the parks in the sunlight—but I don't dig San Francisco groups. I love San Francisco and I love the guys in the groups, and I love the people here, I love this nice cheap house that I live in in a groovy neighborhood. I like it here. But I think San Francisco music isn't good music. Not good bands. They're amateur cats; they're the amateurs. . . . I don't dig "Good Morning, Little School Girl," by the Grateful Dead. I don't dig PigPen trying to sing blues; it doesn't sound like blues. It sounds like some white kid trying to sing blues. It drags me, they're not funky. They don't have a good beat. I can't explain it. It's not the real shit, and it's not even a good imitation. It's not even like the Stones. I don't dig the Airplane. I think they're a third rate rock and roll band. I don't dig Country Joe and the Fish. I find them an abomination, a fraud perpetrated on people. I don't dig Big Brother; I dig Janis, but I think Big Brother is just a wretched, lame group of cats who she carries for no reason at all.

First off, the cats in Big Brother are not good at all, but Janis is just incredible. . . .

I know man, they're lame. Now, I saw them when she first got with them; she had to work them into

shape. But you know, it's a fraudulent scene. I don't think that many good bands have come out of San Francisco. The Quicksilver, fine band but what the hell? It's a band, you know a good band. I don't think San Francisco is the most prolific, groovy, Liverpool thing, at all. Too amateurish; not enough good musicians, no real heavies. There's no real heavies out here at all. Cassidy is a pretty good bass player. Jorma is not one of the best rock guitar players, I just don't think he is. . . .

If you think it's got my head, it's also got yours. Jorma is not a good technician, and he's not prolific, but his lines are interesting, well suited to the material and well thought out. I'd rather listen to him than to a dozen cats imitate you or Eric.

I think Jorma, imitating me, things he's heard. I have all his works; when he plays blues, he plays it sloppy. Or he doesn't play blues, he plays different melodies. It's fairly individual. Yeah, I guess I would rather hear Jorma than someone trying to imitate Eric or unless they could imitate Eric real good. I mean I'd rather hear that because I just don't think he's really that good a guitar player. I don't know. I don't think there's emotion in San Francisco blues. . . . I mean they just don't move me enough. I have to be moved in some way. The Who moves me, their madness moves me. I like to be moved by it by spectacle, be it by kineticism, be it by the same throbbing on "Papa ooh mau mau" as a chorus, a million times over. It'll get to me eventually, I have open tastes. I like most everything.

I don't want to argue about San Francisco. There's a lot of shit here, like Blue Cheer is a joke, but there's shit everywhere. But there are a lot of good bands and good performers.

Have you ever dug Mother Earth? That's a great band. They have a great piano player named Wayne. They sound just like a gospel group, very moving. I sort of dug Moby Grape, 'cause they were tight. But they were just too slick, too superficial.

I especially like the Grateful Dead, 'cause they are the essence of San Francisco, they're just where it's all at.

They're San Francisco, everything that is San Francisco. They're hip. Really, and I like them for that. Just like the Stones for those uptight, methy little teenagers, that's where the Stones are. Everything that's involved with that scene and I dig them for that.

The English have some weird ideas about the blues.

Good singing, but it's weak. The English groups are intimidated. All Europeans are intimidated by Negroes. They feel that they just can't do good. Except cats like Eric, who are so unmistakably good that they know no one can touch them. John Mayall is a good blues singer but I saw him after night, people were let down, they expected him to be tops. Have you ever seen Jimmie Cotton? Not out of the ordinary, but he works his balls off. John doesn't work hard enough really, I'd like to see him work a little harder and get himself into it a little bit.

What advice would you give a young guitarist who listens to your records and respects your playing?

What's that group that's trying to imitate Eric, Blue Cheer? Those are kids that just play for hours and hours and never say anything. When I heard that bullshit, I really, man.

Well, if someone listens to me, he should listen to what I have listened to to know how I got to where I am. I just can't think of the names. I think most of all he has to remember how to transmit his emotions, how he's feeling, his attacks to other people, so other human beings can understand it, so his music says what he's feeling. Until he gets to understand what music is, he won't know that it's not all a matter of runs and hot licks. I can't explain that to a new guitar player. A young guitar player won't know anything about what I'm talking about. There's really nothing to say. They can come close, but you've got to understand.



JIM CAPALDI



STEVIE WIN

TRAFFICTRAFFICTRAFFICTRAFFICTRAFFICTRAFFICT

BY AL KOOPER

It was late 1965 and Mike Bloomfield was with Butterfield and I was with the Project. We were sitting in my apartment listening to a recording of a classic blues called "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out." We were both aware of Stevie Winwood and we both flashed on how well he sang this song we had heard hundreds of times before by hundreds of other people.

"Superfreak." That's the name that's been laid on him by various American singers and musicians, much the same way that Clapton received his early publicity. When Michael and I listened to that record, Stevie Winwood was seventeen years old and that recording was eight months old.

("I always had good sounds around good blues. My older brother played When I was ten years old I heard all all good sounds for me all the time," Stevie told me.)

I regard Stevie as the finest white blues singer I have ever heard regardless of age or environment. It doesn't stop there however. Great nineteen-year-old singers are not true superfreaks. He also is a polished multi-instrumentalist. He is an accomplished organist with a mature

jazz-oriented feeling for pop music. You can hear his command of the instrument on "Blues In F" the flip-side of the Spencer Davis hit "Gimme Some Lovin'" which Stevie also wrote. He was responsible for composing most of the Davis Group's hits singles, and writes most of the Traffic repertoire, which is his present group affiliation.

In the Traffic's stage art he shifts comfortably between organ and guitar. Another of his assets is his guitar playing. "I came thru a folk blues thing on guitar, like digging Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee at first and then Buddy Guy, Otis Rush and the rest of them." He picks Chicago blues leads with his fingers, playing intricate gospelish runs fused with saxophone-like solos. The whole spectrum becomes apparent now: singer-organist-pianist-guitarist-composer-human-being all in one. A calm, shy, nineteen-year-old English kid.

Today, with the large group fatality rate due to personal differences, Traffic stands in an advantageous position. Like Mike Bloomfield and the Grateful Dead, Stevie got a house. His cottage was far from civilization and the only intruders were "occasional poachers."

"Eventually," says Stevie, "we'll

do our recording up there. It's just a logical step for us." Soon after its debut in England, the Traffic lost a member in Dave Mason, who became disenchanted with the traveling and parted amicably. But trios are enjoying a healthy 1968. Witness the J. Hendrix Experience and Cream. I believe Traffic to be the most musically versatile of all these trios, with more vocal prowess than most four or five piece contemporary groups. "When Dave left, we lost a limb, but we gained freedom . . . spontaneity. With four people it's harder to be free than with three. We had to drop some tunes and add others, but I believe we've got it together now." I agree.

We talked about the Fillmore and he noted that the light shows were infinitely more advanced than anything England had to offer and that it was all happening in San Francisco whereas it was not in England. Our talking inevitably brought us to the drug scene. "Drugs show you the door, but they don't open it, they don't take you there. Music is getting honest, real and natural. If drugs enable you to be natural then it fits, but then again drugs aren't always natural. I get the feeling here (Fillmore) that that's what the audience wants: the real you, the natural you.

When you stop exploring with drugs, now that's a bad scene I never want to stop exploring." This is obvious.

Stevie Winwood is so calm, so un-upright, that it's a little scary. He takes it all in stride and yearns to forge ahead. You see, his age is on his side and he's got many fertile years in front of him. Blood, Sweat & Tears is already doing one of his tunes in the act and we are considering two others for our next album. I would dig to close this article with the lyrics to one of the Traffic songs and leave it at that:

Do yourself a favor
Wake up to your mind;
Life is what you make it
You see but still you're blind.
Get yourself together; give before
take
You'll find out the hard way
That soon you're gonna break

Smiling phases (faces) going
places
Even when they bust you
Keep on smiling thru and thru
You'll be amazed at the gaze on
their faces
As they sentence you,
(© 1968 by Essex Music Ltd.)

PHOTOS BY BARON WOLMAN



WINWOOD



CHRIS WOOD

TRAFFICTRAFFICTRAFFICTRAFFICTRAFFICTRAFFICTRAFFICT

BY JANN WENNER

Over two years ago I was in London, naturally spending a little time in the record stores. One of the records I bought was *Spencer Davis Group/The Second Album*. When I returned to America, I just couldn't believe it; no one had heard of them.

The Spencer Davis Group was, at that time, four people: Spencer Davis, rhythm guitarist; Pete York, the drummer; Muff Winwood, who handled a heavy bass; and his brother, Stevie Winwood. Together they were a tight rhythm unit and tasty in their choice of material. But the thing was Stevie: he played lead guitar, organ and piano and he sang. He was an excellent guitarist, handling all sorts of runs, and especially the blues riffs, with ease and accuracy (doing "Dust My Blues" as well as anybody bass). He was also unquestionably the best keyboard man to be heard in a rock and roll setting; he could draw the liquid tones out of his Hammond just like Jimmy Smith; he could stretch out the delicate notes of the piano in the same manner as Ray Charles and could move a band with the same force as Booker T. Jones. (Listen to his own composition "On the Green Light.")

It was all pretty astounding, and,

of course, no one in the United States seemed to know about him. Well, there were just two more things about Stevie: he could sing. He sang the blues better than any other white person I had ever heard. He sounded just like Ray Charles. And as if this were not enough, it turned out that Stevie Winwood was 17 years old.

Now there is Traffic: Chris Wood, Jim Capaldi, (Dave Mason, on record only) and Stevie Winwood, nineteen years old going on twenty. Traffic is one of the best groups I have yet heard, and Stevie's dominant role and dominant incredibility shouldn't be allowed to shortchange the other members of this trio. Their record (see *Records*) is on the whole an excellent one, and they are even better in person. Stevie's virtuosity is just about matched by Capaldi's percussion — tight, open and dynamic — and Chris Wood's relaxed and melodic flute playing.

Early in 1967, Stevie left Spencer Davis. A song like "I'm A Man," one of the last things he recorded with Spencer Davis, and a session, Stevie says, which also included the members of Traffic, showed that Stevie had gone about as far as he could within the context of Spencer Davis. Stevie didn't want to get stuck in one

place; he wanted to keep moving, and to do this he had to find a new band.

Finding the band was easy: he knew all the members of Traffic since he had been with Spencer Davis. Originally they were just friends in the Birmingham area who hung out together most of the time. For them, it was inevitable that they would do something together. (And even now, when they speak about the future of the group, they think they might not always be Traffic, but that whatever they do, they will be doing it together.) Mason, Capaldi, Wood and Winwood headed for a cottage in Berkshire. At that point they found out what instruments each of them could play. Not only did they rehearse, but they also ran around the countryside to "get it together."

Although trios are certainly in vogue, this one is probably the most original of them all. Each is characterized in some way and perhaps what characterizes Traffic is their ability to operate in all musical areas with equal proficiency. Stevie plays like he was about 40 years old; Capaldi is tremendously relaxed and at the same time tremendously supportive in his style. Chris, alternating be-

tween flute and sax, is a beautiful player.

When Stevie picks up the guitar and Chris the bass, they are three-man unit in the fashion of Hendrix and Cream. They are not as tight as Hendrix's group nor is Stevie as good as Clapton on the guitar, but they combine the best of both: they are as structurally together as Hendrix and as soloists, as fascinating as Clapton.

Traffic is also a very experimental unit, fully capable of all the electronic changes that are becoming so familiar these days, yet using them in an integral way rather than as a show of their ability to be freaky. The lineup they seem most comfortable with is organ-drums-flute.

They can do a very sophisticated brand of R&B, with a soothing jazz style, as in an as yet unrecorded number, "Feeling Good." And that perhaps is what makes Traffic such an outstanding group to listen to: their music is so full of life — without the freneticism — so easy, so well structured, without flaw or omission, that it somehow flows right through the body. In the most non-verbal way, it makes you feel good at heart. It's true soul music.

VISUALS:

BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

Back in the mid-'50s, everyone was talking about San Francisco as the center of a new Renaissance—of literature, art and jazz; it faded mostly into old newspaper clips, surviving mostly in dim memories of the "Beat Generation."

Ten years later, the action shifts from Grant Avenue to Haight Street, and history seemingly repeats itself, but more so, a regenerative burst of liberation and creativity, followed by an inundation of publicity, commercialization, nowhere imitators and hangers-on, police harassment and violence.

Almost everyone seems to take for granted a certain link between the "Beat" era of the '50s and the "Hip" generation of today, if only for the sake of contrast. Yet, in a McLuhanesque age which measures generations in terms of changing attitudes and life-styles rather than how long it takes to reach working age, ten years is a lot longer than it once was. Not much is ever said about the "Beat Generation," and even less is any effort made to place today's scene in any kind of historical perspective.

This will be the theme of a month-long festival of arts scheduled for June, to coincide with a national convention of the Associated Council of Arts—a group of state and local art councils—June 6-8 at the San Francisco Hilton hotel. Co-sponsored by the Glide Foundation and Intersec, the festival will trace the area's underground tradition in the arts—music, dance, drama, poetry, visual arts—in philosophy and life, from the Beat Generation and before, to the present time. It's a tremendously ambitious project. It could be one of the most important events in years.

The word "underground" is so bad it's good. Those within it resent and disclaim the label, not to mention its numerous distortions, yet everyone has a reasonably sharp picture of what it means: a movement alienated, or separate, from the Establishment, the academies and the powers that be. The same is true of the labels "beat" and "hippie." There used to be all kinds of bickering over the meaning of "beat"—was it up-beat, down-beat, or dead-beat?—as well as over who it fit, who transcended it, who qualified as a "beatnik," a real Bohemian, week-end Bohemian, fringe or plainclothes priest. Ten years later, such distinctions blur into an impressionistic picture of the spirit of the time—a picture in which even the Grayline tourists and hostile critics have their place. Today, argument revolves about "hippies," "original hippies," "teeny-boppers" and other labels. The distinctions exist, but there is a broad validity to the popular notion that lumps them all together, in a growing revolutionary army, the underground spirit of the '60s.

Even at this date, it's impossible to look back at the "Beat" era except through a thick cloud of myth and distortion; whatever problems "hippies" have faced, they have won an infinitely more sympathetic hearing from the "Establishment" than the Beats ever did, and the hostility persists, inspired largely by concentrating on the celebrities and camp followers and ignoring the vast area between.

A great gulf exists between the Beat and Hippie generations, just as it amounts to a long leap between jazz and rock. Yet the latter hang together on an alternating current of progression and reaction, and between the Beat and Hippie eras the lines of continuity are as broad as the contrasts are sharp.

From the infinitely complex tapestry, one can unravel certain major strands.

1. Sociologically speaking, the Beats formed the first large-scale self-conscious and widely-publicized group of middle-class drop-outs—this, at a time when the standard transition was from boy scout uniform to army khaki to gray flannel suit. The Establishment was appropriately engaged, and the Beats were under-

standably agonized and torn within themselves; they were killing the Buddha, and their stance alternated between manic nihilism and despairing pessimism. These were the McCarthy, and then the Eisenhower years, and the Beats often seemed to parody the general apathy.

For the most part, the Beats functioned within the Establishment—hung out in Establishment bars, donned suits to pick up unemployment checks or work in Establishment jobs; no other facilities existed, the Beats were relatively few in number and isolation was a key fact of existence. There was a greater sense of community than the Beats are generally now given credit for—toward the end it found a focus in the Bread and Wine Mission—but organization was anathema, and such community as there was informal, an encounter and then a drawing apart, activism centered on such spur-of-the-moment issues as raising bail for someone the cops had hauled away.

At the same time, the Beats were, psychologically, much more intensely and programmatically alienated from the Establishment than are the Hippies, with all their sub-culture; such relations as were necessary—paying a cover charge, perhaps working—were accepted with the irony accorded such facts of life as going to the john. But there was no move at all toward a rapprochement (except to put on an inquiring journalist) and, especially in the area of art, any success with the Establishment was scornfully regarded as a sell-out. The Beats dislodged their cultural roots by reveling in urban rootlessness with its outcast subcultures. The hippies, a truly rootless generation, seek roots in nature, in the cult of the American Indian, in the ancient traditions of Oriental thought.

Sociologically, and psychologically, the main contrasts between the beat and hippie eras are in terms of isolation vs. community, opposition vs. a separate-but-equal relationship to the Establishment, social apathy vs. activism and pessimism vs. optimism. No one can begin to explain these changes in terms of particular causes but part of the reason certainly lies

in the difference of sheer numbers—the coming of age of the post-war baby boom—and in a group consciousness fostered in the first generation to be reared in front of a television set. There was the fact of Kennedy, who galvanized the entire nation from apathy to activism—between the Beat and Hippie periods came the brief but important era of the Berkeley militants and the folk revival and there is an optimism that survived the assassination, although forced in upon itself by the frustrations of the Johnson years.

And there has been a parallel change in the Establishment itself—shaken by a series of crises, from Korea and the Beats to civil rights and Vietnam. Over the years the walls have cracked to admit many of the rebels of the '50's—jazz fans, appreciators of abstract expressionism, pot-smokers, a number of the Beats themselves, sometimes in such influential roles as college professors. And the thing that the Beats had started captured the imagination of successive waves of self-aware and disenchanted youth, who in succeeding years developed and modified the life-style into the Hippie community of today.

2. Philosophically, the Beats were the end-product of post-war European existentialism, plus varying doses of Oriental thought mostly Zen—though rarely from original sources, and mostly interpreted through popularizers like Allen Watts or European authors like Herman Hesse. There were dashes of magic and alchemy, Ouspensky and Gurdieff.

It was the variety of existentialism that emphasized alienation and risk, with its alternate possibilities of despair or total experience, either of which might end as total insanity, but either preferable to the factionalistic tradition which had produced such insanities of its own as wars, prejudice and little houses of death in suburbia.

Alienation was cultivated, and total experience was pursued, in vast amounts of booze, in sex, occasionally in heroin, frequently in grass; peyote had relatively wide use, as did primitive forms of speed like in-

halers; later on came methedrine.

Besides the mind-expanders—mild in comparison with acid and more recent drugs—Oriental thought and art forms like haiku provided a certain unifying, synthesizing tendency in Beat philosophy. But few Beats ever approached satori; the dualism of Western philosophy and religion prevailed—"he's an evil cat," was a favorite compliment—hang-ups were explained mostly in Freudian, rather than Jungian terms, and the unity of Oriental thought was seen mostly as a fragility beautiful, but rarely attainable, light on the other side of a dark tunnel. Irony was a key attitude toward the conflict of what should be and what was.

The big difference today is the extent to which the old dualism has actually yielded before a more unifying attitude. This does not mean that all Hippies have uncovered the atman but think of how the Beats would react to the idea of loving everybody.

The philosophical contribution of the Beats was largely destructive, but necessarily so: it razed some of the strongest parts of the materialistic citadel, and laid at least some of the ground-work upon which the activists and Hippies have developed more durable, liveable values.

3. If the Beats laid to waste all the other old values, they replaced them with the worship of Art, in true romantic tradition, you might say the Beats were the last of the Bohemians.

In art, as in so much else, the Beat attitude was schizoid. One of the era's most revolutionary achievements was taking art out of the academies, museums and concert-halls into the streets, coffee houses and night-clubs—Beat poets declaimed on street corners and table-tops, Beat paintings hung in bars and shop-windows, and jazzmen in noisy clubs perfected an artform by freely improvising on the basic structures of Tin Pan Alley popular songs.

Improvisation broke down the rigid distinctions between creative and performing arts which had solidified since the end of the Baroque era, Kerouac and others wrote non-stop, unedited prose manuscripts and performance entered the visual arts through action painting.

Yet, such traditional artistic concepts as exclusiveness, monumentalism and immortality lingered in sometimes weird ways. Art was in the streets and clubs, but the street was mostly Grant Avenue, the audience was hard-core, and zealously anti-square; art was an instrument of warfare. The revolutions in prose, poetry and the visual arts were primarily in terms of content and presentation; there actually was little formal innovation. Many jazzmen were intensely preoccupied with extended forms, which almost invariably turned out to be classical; however sardonically, they fretted about the status of jazz as an art form.

Deep down, everyone who scribbled in notebooks, sketched portraits in charcoal or blew sax with his back to the audience, wanted someday to Make It; however personal and direct the expression, they were playing for history, if not for the grandstands. The Beats carried to an extreme the romantic idea of the artist as isolated, agonized seeker; mad seer; accusatory prophet and self-destructive martyr, the tradition of Rimbaud, Van Gogh and Dylan Thomas. Their heroes were the Nelson Algren heroes; Negroes, junkies, madmen, people who had seen too much and suffered too deeply. To the Beats, art was life, but life could never be art, as it is to the Hippies, except in its most absurd, exaggerated forms.

The jazz session is symbolic of the Beat Era: The musicians straggled in, blew together for a moment, and then left, back to the private hells of their own pads. The same was true of the long conversations in the Co-Existence Bagel Shop, of encounters on the street, of love-making. It's a world away from today's rock groups who live together, practice together, travel together and play for large audiences at the Fillmore and Avalon, usually even showing up on time; for all its superficial bizzareness, the Hippie life-style has a

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM SMIRCHICH



BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS

BY JANN WENNER

Blood, Sweat & Tears is the best thing to happen in rock and roll so far in 1968. It is Al Kooper's new band, an eight-piece group split in two halves: four men, Al Kooper, Steve Katz, Bobby Colomby and Jim Fielder, in a rhythm section (organ, guitar, drums and bass, respectively) and four men in the horn section, Fred Lipsius, Randy Brecker, Dick Halligan and Jerry Weiss.

For sometime now, musicians have been talking about incorporating horns into their sound — Butterfield and Bloomfield have already done it — but this is the first time a horn section has been used so strongly, so uniquely and tightly put together, tightly.

"I set out to use the horns in an integral way," says Kooper, the band's leader. "In addition to just riffing, we had to build a horn section which would be a strong, respected section above and beyond the band. We rehearsed the two parts of the group separately and then tied them together. A lot of the stuff isn't written, we make it up on the gig. Now we listen to each other so well we can do nearly anything. The instrumentation in the band is very strange even in terms of number of people. Most rock bands don't use a trombone or an alto sax. I wanted the alto because the alto can cry more than a tenor sax. It screams and cries and the band revolves around that alto sax. The sound and style of the

band is the horn section."

The horns are one of the three primary reasons that Blood, Sweat & Tears is a such a fine, exemplary group. The other two reasons are Kooper himself. He has the gift of an editor in that he can listen for, pick up and use to his own purposes and in his own way any musical bit, any line or melody from any musical form and use it in such a way that it becomes original again and his own.

"My head," explains Kooper, "is a cache of forty thousand riffs and figures. As opposed to being a virtuoso guitarist or organist, my talent — my virtuosity — is being able to put all those things in place."

"I only play one instrument really the ondioline, a French music-

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON WOLMAN

al instrument. In order to get anything really valid out of it I had to study Coltrane, literally study like a college course. I had to wash my brain with Coltrane. I've played the ondioline on a few records. The best it's ever sounded is on the last chorus in 'Meagan's Gypsy Eyes.' The instrument itself is a little teeny keyboard, with 39 keys, all electric. It only plays one note at a time. The keyboard is suspended like a record changer. If you move it, you get vibrato. Just by pushing switches you get a range of eight octaves. You can't buy one, though. There are only four in the country. McCartney had one. It's on 'Baby, You're a Rich Man,' and on 'Inner Light.' It sort of sounds

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BLOOD SWEAT AND TEARS

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like a bagpipe or a soprano sax. The ondioline is my axe. I challenge anybody on it. I'd like to battle McCartney on it. He has used it very well, but his is more Indian based and mine's thoroughly based on Coltrane."

An excellent example of where Kooper and Blood, Sweat & Tears is at, is their yet-to-be-recorded single release, "Camille." Kooper says the origin of the song is in "Le Domino Noir" by Hubert. "The overture to that opera is the music to 'Camille,' in other words it's a steal. I am not very classically oriented, so when I do use something, it's really far out. I only listen to stuff I can use. This particular classical piece had me strung out for two and a half years and finally I got to use it somewhere."

"I am influenced by many, many things. In this band, the influences are James Brown, Otis Redding, Tim Buckley, the Beatles, the Maynard Ferguson band of five years ago. We owe a lot to that band. There is a lot of emulation as opposed to stone copying. The Four Tops and Percy Sledge are also my influences that are tied to the band. So are Ray Charles and Elizabeth Cotton."

Kooper's other talents are for composition and arranging. Some of the songs the band has recorded are just plain knockouts. They're based in the blues, yet they are not the same blues that we keep hearing, and for that reason have an additional power to them. "Our blues," says Kooper, "is a crazy blues. In the arts people are lucky, they can channel their insanity into their form. A lot of us are nuts and music is our outlet. Their blues is a suffering blues. Our blues are a crazy blues."

The horn section is a thing of beauty. The horns are poised against the rhythm section for a tension that is best compared to Paul McCartney's "Got to Get You Into My Life" on *Revolver*. Kooper plays his Hammond for the horns and together they weave in and out in nearly perfect sympathy.

"It's hard to do an integrated keyboard. When I arrange, I write for the horns what I would ordinarily play. Consequently I'm stuck for things to play and I find myself playing less and less."

The most significant backgrounds, are those of the horn men, one was with Maynard Ferguson; one went to Berklee School of Music (the jazz school located in Boston) and the other two are from respectable, but unremunerative, jazz backgrounds. They are all professionals, handle themselves and their lines with accuracy and style, and contribute the tightest and most interesting horn section to be found in rock and roll, outside of Memphis and the studios where the Beatles recorded *Revolver*.

On the organ alone, Al Kooper is capable of taking a song down to its basic riff and rebuilding it piece by piece from their. When the band takes solos, they do so within the context of the song, not as most groups currently take theirs, strictly without thought for the context, or indeed with any context for soloing.

Of his own musicianship, Kooper says he never used to pay much attention to his organ playing but has begun to since he hatched his new group. "I am by no means a great organ player, but I think I could be. I never used to think so before. You can really fool yourself if you think you are. There are cats in places like topless clubs and Revere Beach who can cut me to shreds. I'm happy people like the way I play, cause for the first time I'm concentrating on trying to play better. For instance, the cats in the band can all cut me on keyboard. Steve and I are probably the weakest musicians in the group. We'd be your average rock and roll musicians."

Blood, Sweat & Tears reflects the many subtle ways in which rock and roll has changed as the Beatles



have gotten older. One of those changes is that more and more frequently, musicians in rock and roll bands are no longer amateurs "doing their thing," but professional musicians. This is the case with Blood, Sweat & Tears: Kooper is a well-known figure in the Eastern studio scene, was formerly with the Blues Project, and is, among other things, composer of "This Diamond Ring," a top-40 hit by Gary Lewis and the Playboys. Bassist Jim Fielder was once with the Mothers and once with Buffalo Springfield.

The band is not perfect, but it is so good that one can't help but reflect on how, with a few additions, this group could be made into one that could go through Georgia like Sherman's tanks: add Mike Bloomfield to lead guitar, Levi Stubbs (of the Tops) for vocals and Tim Davis (of Steve Miller Band) on drums.

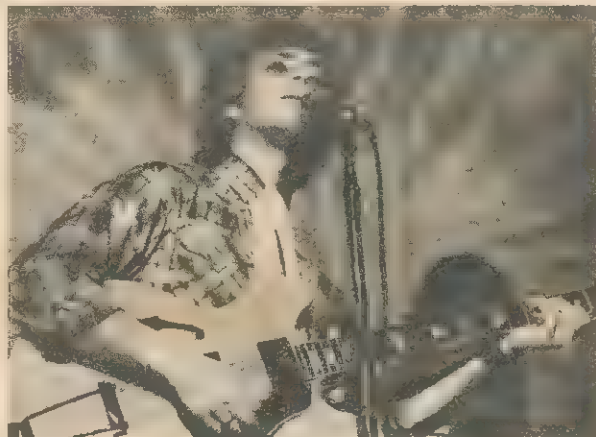
But the point is that Blood, Sweat and Tears is excellent, and certainly much better than anyone would expect. Kooper quit the Blues Project ("I flipped out on Monday, left town on Thursday") about a year ago. He traveled around the country, first to Los Angeles and then to San Francisco looking for people for a new band. All he found was Jim Fielder in Los Angeles. He heard others he wanted, but he couldn't get them. Finally he decided to go to England and start from there.

Returning to New York, Kooper got himself together to go to London, except that he needed some money. For the money, he agreed to gig a few weeks at the Cafe a Go Go, where he was accompanied by Fielder, Katz and Colomby, or what is now the rhythm section of the band. According to Kooper, they sounded so good, they decided to get the band together there and skip London altogether.

"We spent a month and a half period looking for the right horn thing. We rehearsed about two months, got fourteen tunes together and opened with Moby Grape at the A Go Go. Three different labels came around. Columbia seemed the most understanding, above and beyond the business aspect, so we signed."

About the future of the band, Kooper says if they don't "achieve some level of something we'll have to fold for financial reasons. We've all got rents and bills to pay. Everybody's been starving from the beginning and things haven't gotten much better, but it's sort of all gone."

"The people in the band are all going to stay together. We must believe in it. Just for them it should happen. The band turned out much better than we could have expected. And I'm very proud of the album, but we've eclipsed it. It just shows me we're getting better all the time."



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strange quality of domesticity. You can contrast the eras in terms of their use of publications. The Beats' major effort was a journal called "Beatitudes," an anthology of poetry, fiction and an occasional essay; Hippie publications are mostly journalistic, combining factual pieces on topics like drugs or the police, and self-improvement articles; Allen Watts has dubbed the Haight Street "Oracle" the "Hindu-Science Monitor."

Beat art always balanced the aesthetic of rugged individualism, personal expression with an abiding sense of history, mostly western; hippie art carries the idea of art as personal expression to an extreme, yet individualism often blurs into a tribal anonymity — it recalls certain historic styles, but often wholly by accident; western history is replaced by the latest thing in exotica. The commercialism which the Beats shunned, the hippies have developed into a sub-Establishment where the line between commercialism, art and personal expression no longer exists.

As in other areas, in art the Hippies have progressed beyond the Beats' hangup with the traditional values that they were so strongly attacking; to an unprecedented degree, in the Hippie subculture, art and life have become synonymous. Almost as in primitive societies, everyone is an artist—maybe because he draws, paints flowers on his car or plays guitar, but even if not, because he does his thing, like wearing bells, or being beautiful.

Their artistic expression really represents a radical departure from the Beats. In keeping with McLuhanism, there is not much going on in creative literature or poetry; what there is, is less angry or despairing, more exalting — mantras, chants, love poetry that recalls the Song of Solomon.

Musically, rock is primarily a development of the folk-soul reactions against the over-cerebral dead-end that jazz had reached by the late '50s—a thing that never happened in North Beach, by the way, where funk generally remained as the prevailing style, and where the begin-

nings of a soul revival had already developed.

But what a fantastic development the rock scene represents. Composition, at a low ebb in the jazz days, has been restored; groups and individuals everywhere are creating tunes in which the distinction between pop and art song has been completely obliterated. At the same time, performances retain the creativity of jazz; they are electric, in both senses of the word. The true poetry of the age is in the song lyrics; sometimes, as in Dylan, they still reflect some of the old nightmare anger; mostly, they are fresh statements on old subjects, like love, or such long-neglected things as Dionysian celebration of the universe.

Hippie art is flowing, lyrical, expansive, organic and realistic, at least to the psychedelic vision. A return to figure painting had begun back in the Beat Era, where both abstract-expressionism and a dramatic, direct and highly personal realism that grew out of it remained as parallel art styles. Hippie art grows partly out of the current mainstream styles of op, pop and camp (which is simply pop of an older era), but it remains distinct from Establishment art, except insofar as it has been adopted for commercial purposes. Finally there is everything related to film—which has expanded earlier ideas of underground filmmaking into engulfing environmental art forms.

Beat art, rooted in a dramatic sense of emotional experience, has yielded to an art of sensation—sound, color and shape for their own sakes, documentaries of the psychedelic trips.

The Beats, actually, were a relative instant in history: Their art was personal, urgent, tense and separate from life, possibly so much so, that the Beats could not survive. Hippie art, by contrast, is functional, integrated entirely into the daily life of the subculture. It lacks the individuality of most of the old Beat art, but as an art movement, it will probably last much longer.

Single Thought

Of the night we missed nothing

Your blonde hair soft as
softer the breasts small & touchable
To be reached.

Long legs you should be opened!

This the first time I've driven a sports car
the last.

You see the money for the airplane San Francisco
I spent it on beer for
my friends.

We live this way & that
is important.
We live.

You go through changes, it makes me feel good
to know I put you through changes.

'Dropped her belongings & left town.'

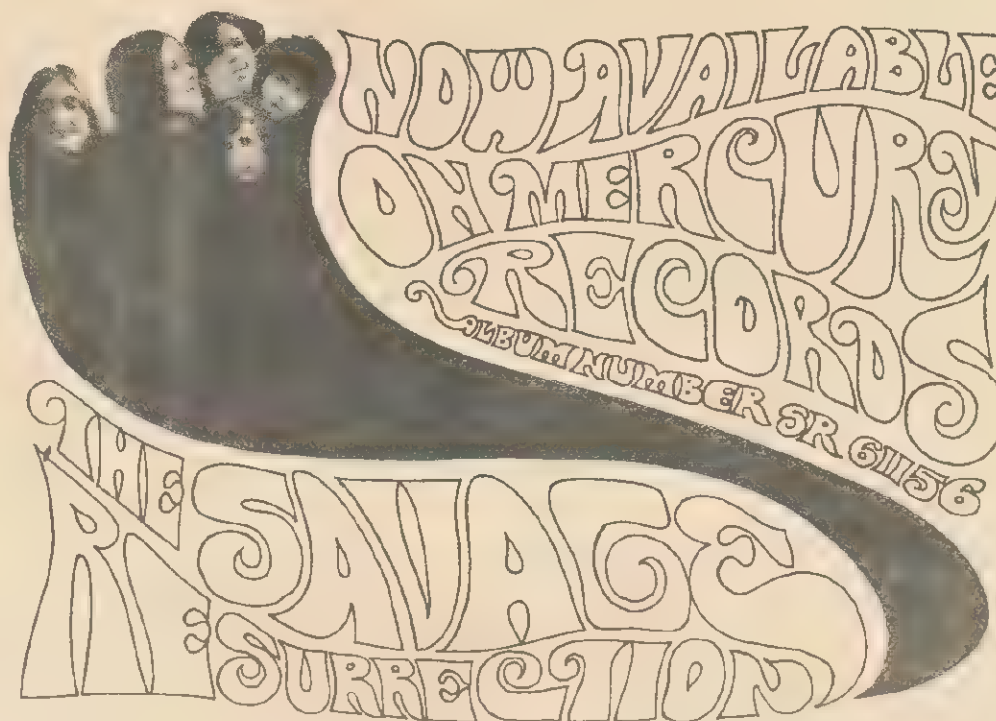
We never leave town, stay where we are sitting
pursed lips & stares.

Us. The quality of words
plural is not me
but an old man you have acquired.

I've blown it, that's clear, the picture of you
shake the head, "Us" you see
& I do

Do you own any oranges or pudding?
An equally obscure animal
the fox or skunk
scented & the one who senses
These the lovers
wood stream or city street.

—M. G. STEPHENS



BY JON LANDAU

Lots of people are down on the Byrds. It is very well known that the group is plastic Los Angeles. They haven't been able to perform decently in years. They are essentially a recording act unable to reproduce their music effectively on a stage. Like the Beatles, I suppose.

What is forgotten in this kind of attitude is that there is a distinction between performing and making a record, and the two ought to be judged separately. No one has ever seen the Beatles perform *Sgt. Pepper*; but who exactly is complaining? A lot of the West Coast groups and even the Cream have trouble doing things in the studio, and that doesn't keep people from loving them when they are on stage.

When the Byrds get it together on record they are consistently brilliant. And it is interesting to speculate about how many of the currently popular groups on the Coast or in England will still be as fresh and inventive as the Byrds are when they get around to recording their fifth album.

At their best—on records—the Byrds are graceful. No rough edges, no jarring protrusions. Their music is possessed by a never-ending circularity and a rich, child-like quality. It has a timelessness to it, not in the sense that it is capable of forcing you to suspend consciousness of time altogether.

While *Younger Than Yesterday* seemed to upset the formal basis of this timelessness and circularity, it really had the effect of deepening it, and preparing us for their new album, *The Notorious Byrd Brothers*. The use of solo voices, the moving away from a strict, 12-string dominated sound and the greater rhythmic freedom on the earlier album expanded the wholeness of the Byrds' musical circle. Tension was created by counterposing the roundness of feeling inherent in the "Turn, Turn, Turn" mode with a classically linear style as in "Everybody's Been Burned," an exquisite song. The result was an album of deeply satisfying music which communicated a gentleness and warmth seldom attained through the electric syndrome of Rickenbacker 12-strings. It is from this foundation that the Byrds have continued their musical growth on their newest album.

The *Notorious Byrd Brothers* is the same old trip but, at the same time, a brand new one. The lyrics have greater force (the presence of the war is deeply felt) and there is a seriousness to even the lighter pieces. Stylistically, the eclecticism is so marked that one suspects McGuinn of having read an article about the Byrds' eclecticism. Yet the pervasive mood, as always, remains a continuous warmth and openness, perhaps for no other reason than McGuinn's inability to sound angry.

The Byrds' eclecticism is awesome: C&W, science fiction, light jazz touches, finger-picking rhythms, pop rock (two fine Goffin-King songs), and touches of strings all play their part on this album. Yet if one doesn't listen closely he may not notice even a fraction of the incongruities which are present. And therein lies a key to the Byrds' ability to assimilate everything that they touch.

Instrumentally, the group is stylized to accomplish this inconspicuous assimilation perfectly. Michael Clark, now replaced by Kevin Kelley, deserves much of the credit for this. He is a marvelous drummer who holds it all together with his hard, uncomplicated style. In a sense he serves the same practical function that Charlie Watts does with the Stones: he gives the group a floor, a bottom, which unifies whatever developments are happening at the top of the sound. He is especially effective here on straight Byrd material

like "Goin' Back" and on slightly jazzier material such as "Natural Harmony."

Bassist Chris Hillman, who really came into his own on *Younger Than Yesterday*, holds off a little on this one. Like Clark, he seems to be more concerned with holding the sound together than with flying over the key board. While the brilliance of his performances on "Everybody's Been Burned" and "Renaissance Fair" is missed, his more solid and repetitious stylings on the new al-

The only real technical problem is that McGuinn has trouble holding his own vocally. Producer Gary Usher has submerged his voice even more than usual owing to McGuinn's wavering pitch. This is more than unwise for whatever McGuinn's shortcomings in this area, they are more than compensated for by his charm and vocal expressiveness.

The songs on the album cover a vast range, highlighted by a couple of minor masterpieces. The second side contains two pieces that are cul-

always remains a perfectly accessible piece of music. At the other end of the scale is "Old John Robinson" which contains the pinnacle of the Byrds' work with genuine folk and C&W influences, dating back to "John Riley" on *5D* and "The Girl With No Name" on *Younger Than Yesterday*. The instrumental arrangement has its roots in such earlier 2/4 finger-picking pieces as "Mr. Spaceman" and "CTA 102," and the addition of strings on this cut help it to transcend any of their previous efforts in this area. The vocal is also perfect.

Similarly, the quasi jazz style of "Everybody's Been Burned" is further delineated on the new album on the Crosby-Hillman composition "Tribal Gathering" which is an unqualified success. The Byrds are one of the two or three rock groups that can sound jazzy without being incoherent, as both this cut and "Get To You" illustrate. The latter is a 5/4 composition that moves to 3/4 on its choruses. Yet there is nothing awkward or jarring about the transitions; they just happen. The idea of superimposing a rich, major chord based progression over such a subtle and fluid rhythmic pattern is typical of the Byrds' type of creativity and the result is perhaps the best cut on the album. McGuinn's lyrics and vocal are among the best he has ever recorded.

The presence of two Goffin-King songs on the album probably surprised many—especially at this point in the Byrd's history. Yet, whatever their reason for being included, they fully justify themselves aesthetically. The words to "Goin' Back" have been considerably altered from the original—obviously for the better—and the song contains much of the feel of the early Byrds, except with a C&W flavor injected into the old style via the use of piano and dobro, allegedly by Clarence White. Michael Clark's brief drum break at the end of the cut is brilliant. "Wasn't Born to Follow," the other Goffin-King composition, again continues the Byrds' finger-picking style. It is an infectious piece in which both guitar and words seem to cascade off the record in a manner almost reminiscent of some of Hendrix's more verbal cuts on *Axis*.

Yet ultimately this album can't be dissected cut by cut because it is all part of a single attitude which dominates the entire record.

That attitude is an optimism born out of a genuine awareness about what is going on over there and what it is doing to us right here. While acknowledging and even responding to the war, the Byrds refuse to give into it, and for that reason the music on this album is deeply appropriate to 1968—appropriate in a way that songs like "Magical Mystery Tour" are not.

For example, a song like "Draft Morning" may seem pessimistic but ultimately it is not. The Byrds don't give themselves over to anger or despair. They precede the song with the exquisite "Natural Harmony" and follow it with "Wasn't Born to Follow" and "Get To You," two serious but optimistic songs. And the fact that "Draft Morning" is severely marred by its melodramatic touches further indicates that the Byrds can't be satisfied or comfortable with a pessimistic stance.

They sense the horror and paranoia that is all around us but they do not give up their search for innocence and natural harmony. They still sing about catching them if you can and they can still write "But I really only want to get to you." And it's good that they do. Somebody has to sing love songs like that.

What it gets down to is that the Byrds are still turning, or at least revolving. Their circle of feeling is large enough so that they can feel and sense what really is happening. But sensing that, they continue the cycle. *The Notorious Byrd Brothers* is simply the latest rendition of "Turn, Turn, Turn." It's just that this time the turning isn't so self-assured or so automatic. In fact, it sounds like they had to think about it.



bum are extremely effective ("Draft Morning" as in and his brilliantly syncopated style on "Change Is Now.") Meanwhile, McGuinn's mastery of his instrument continues to grow and while I miss Crosby on some of the cuts (and the fullness of the earlier Byrds on most of the album) there is ample compensation in the greater fluidity and melodious, and even freedom, in the overall impact of this album.

minations of the Byrds' history. "Space Odyssey" is a brilliant example of the Byrds' eclecticism—a synthesis of their ballad style with electronics and outer space. To listen to this cut is to become immediately aware of the sources of the Byrds' music: everything from Alameda Riddle and Pete Seeger to Paul McCartney and Stockhausen. But beyond that is the impressive coherence of the composition which

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PLAYING THE NAME GAME or A TALE OF TWO GRAPES

It has often been said that what you get when you put two Moby Grapes together is a jam. In the past few weeks, the veracity of this old chestnut has been proven.

There are now two Moby Grapes. One is the real San Francisco group with an album already out on Columbia and one just released (a two-record set) and then there is the second "Moby Grape," a rather tasteless imitation put together by the real Moby Grape's former manager.

What precisely has gone down has been difficult to piece together. Matthew Katz (pronounced "Kayt-sss"), Moby Grape's former manager, has been unavailable for comment. He has gotten together a collection of Seattle musicians and begun to book them under the name "Moby Grape." It is his contention that the real Moby Grape has broken up and that he owns the rights to the name.

However, the real Moby Grape is very much together, and after having spent two months in New York recording a new album, and then a three-week vacation, they are back on the road, having played gigs within the last weeks in San Francisco (at the Fillmore) and other Western points including various Associated Booking Corporation dates.

The first anyone heard of the imitation "Moby Grape" was when their picture appeared in late March in a San Francisco newspaper, playing alongside Katz at a local "society" party. This was just days before the real Moby Grape was booked into the Fillmore. The real Moby Grape was called by the Musician's Union and asked why they had not filed a contract for the party date.

Last year, Moby Grape signed as a group and as individuals a

management contract with Katz. At that time he also asked them to sign their name to him, which, not suspecting that anything could develop like what has developed, they did. The group released an album and soon fell out with Katz.

"Things were all right until we found out about him," according to the group's lead guitarist, Jerry Miller. "He wasn't straight with anybody. Of course, he had that lawsuit going with the Airplane, after they got rid of him, too. We just never got much recognition because of that. We were one of the major groups in the country, with a best selling album, and we were broke. From the moment when we found out about him, there were hassles."

At the beginning of the summer, the group told Katz they did not wish to see him again and that if he would just "not bother us" they would give him 20%.

"He was doing all sorts of wierd shit to us," Miller continued. "Once we rented a plane to make two gigs an hour apart in Sacramento and Santa Clara. When we got to Santa Clara, no one met us at the airport. I called Katz in San Francisco and asked him who was supposed to meet us. He said he didn't know. I asked him the name of the place where we were supposed to play. He didn't know. I asked him who the guy was who was in charge of it. He didn't know. I asked him where the gig was. He didn't know. The thing is that he set up the whole deal."

"There were lots of gigs that he signed for us that we never knew anything about. We'd read it in the paper the day we were supposed to play them. There were just so many things like this, that we wanted to get away from him."

When they went to New York to record, they signed with an-

other manager and formally ended their contract with Katz. According to drummer Don Stevenson, their current manager, Michael Grober, spent \$10,000 getting the group out of debt, straightening out all the binds they were left in, and even getting the songs they performed on the first LP copyrighted, which, apparently, Katz had never bothered to do.

"Then a couple of weeks ago," Miller said, "my brother calls me from Seattle and Jerry, are you playing here tonight?" What was happening is that Katz opened a club in Seattle called 'San Francisco Sound,' and advertised it

on the air as 'Matthew Katz, manager of the Jefferson Airplane and Moby Grape, his club.' It turns out he had put together another group and called it Moby Grape."

Katz is currently headquartered in Seattle, where he is managing several bands. He owns a nightclub and books a package called "The San Francisco Sound."

"He claims our sound is his sound, but he made the sound," Miller says. "I hear that his group even does some of our songs. The whole thing has amused us more than anything else."

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Heaven Is In Your Mind Traffic
(United Artists UAS 6651)

Stevie Winwood, all of 18 years old, is probably the major blues voice of his generation. If this wasn't already apparent on the two Spencer Davis Group albums released in this country and the other records so far unreleased, and from the monstrous smash song "I'm A Man," then with the R&B tracks Stevie sings on the American release of Traffic's first album, it should be even more so. His voice has matured, acquired new depth and new reaches, a more individual feeling and a greater range in both style and tones.

The albums that feature Stevie Winwood are all pretty much great albums, and *Heaven Is In Your Mind* (or *Dear Mr. Fantasy*, to which the title was changed after the first pressing of the album) is no exception.

Traffic is the group that Winwood formed after he and his brother Muff split the Spencer Davis Group a year ago. Winwood got three other musicians (Dave Mason, guitar and sitar; Jim Capaldi, drums; and Chris Wood, flute and bass) to join him. Together they set out for the country, where they lived for three months in an isolated cottage in Berkshire. (Hence the song "Berkshire Poppies," with all its pleasant references to country life, disgust at the sadness of the city, and "Rainy Day Woman")

type refrains . . . leading one to draw hasty, and probably not incorrect, assumptions about what went on in the cottage in the field of Berkshire poppies.)

Just as the group was releasing its first record, and fame appeared imminent, Dave Mason left the group. Not because of any conflicts, just that he didn't want to be famous. He still expects to record and write for Traffic. The American release of the album leaves off two of Dave Mason's songs, but it does pick up all the sides of the two American single releases not on the English LP and the great R & B-styled cut "Smiling Phases," which is one of the best pieces on the album.

"Hole In My Shoe" and "Paper Sun" are the singles which never went anywhere. They are excellent examples of what Traffic, with Mason, is capable of without Winwood's vocals or R&B strength. Both use a sitar, and on "Paper Sun," the sitar lines are phrased much like Jimi Hendrix's guitar. "Hole In My Shoe," has got an almost insane beat and melody, but still they both work very well as songs. They're not as good as the Winwood-styled stuff, but they stand on their own because they are much different. "Dealer" is another one of these, with a gypsy guitar woven around a variety of flute solos. These songs are "comprehensibly far-out."

But the strongest points of this album are where the elements of Traffic's "comprehensible far-out" and Winwood's great R&B style are combined. "Heaven Is In Your Mind" is one of those, but it doesn't really make it in the way that "Dear Mr. Fantasy," the magnum opus of the album, does. "Heaven" is too scattered in instrumentation and arrangement to be a real grabber. "Mr. Fantasy" has excellent lyrics ("Do anything to take up out of this gloom, sing a song, play guitar, make it snappy;"), the Hendrix riffs again, and attractive guitar solo, soul chorus and accurate crescendos in pace and volume from the bass and the guitar. Winwood does the vocal and gives us some real "British soul."

"Giving to You" is an interesting cut. The members of the group are excellent musicians, and so anything they do is bound to be interesting. Also interesting are the one-eighth level faded segues between tracks and the close to "Mr. Fantasy."

The most successful—or attractive—tracks include "Colored Rain" with excellent lyrics ("Yesterday I was a young boy, searching for my way, not knowing what I wanted, living from day to day;") and an incredibly up-tempo bridge. The drumming here is very well-rounded and precise with little repetition. Also on "No Face, No Name, No Number," Winwood's vocal is exquisite, full of the most restrained passion, the most phrasing and indescribable whispered overtones. "No Name" is also strengthened by classical piano chording and violins.

"Smiling Phases" is the most out and out R&B song on the album, and it is also the strongest songs. The reasons have all been given above. Winwood is simply incredible. He has a top group of musicians with him and they have made an album which, although it needs one unity that time will provide, is one of the best from any contemporary group.



Child Is Father to the Man Blood, Sweat and Tears (Columbia CS-9619)

This album is unique. More precisely, it is the first of its kind — a music that takes elements of rock, jazz, straight blues, R&B, classical music and almost anything else you

could mention and combines them into a sound of its own that is "popular" without being the least bit watered down.

That Blood, Sweat and Tears is a band and not merely a melange whose diverse constituents (a trumpet player from Maynard Ferguson's college-dance-and-concert big band, a drummer who has gigged with Eric Anderson and whose elder brother is Thelouious Monk's personal manager, several young white New York jazz horn men who were technologically unemployed by the New Thing revolution and a physically unemployed by the shrinkage of available nightclub and record jobs, an L.A. bass player out of the Mothers of Invention and a pair of old Blues Project-ers) are at war with each other is greatly to the credit of Al Kooper, its organist, pianist, vocalist, arranger and general head honcho. Child is even more complex than that, what with the addition of a string section, a "soul chorus" and assorted sound effects on several of the cuts. But Kooper and the other musicians involved knew the sound they were after, and having achieved it, they kept the effects strictly secondary.

Two of the songs, "I Love You More Than You'll Ever Know" and "Somethin' Goin' On" are very nearly perfect, self-contained masterpieces. Both written by the leader, they are extremely bluesy, but without the credibility gap that afflicts almost all white blues performances. This is because these are Al Kooper's blues, Blood, Sweat and Tears' blues and not anyone else's, not Robert Johnson's or B. B. King's or Wilson Pickett's blues or, on the other side, Hank Miller's blues — just as "She Belong to Me" is Bob Dylan's blues and Gerry Mulligan playing "Blueport" is the blues, and those are two pale cats. They are big city blues, New York blues, too much happening blues, they are the blues used as a frame for deeply felt experiences and that's what the form, any form, is all about anyway. If you use it your way.

Musically these cuts are tight



it's
all
on
your
mind



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where they should be tight, loose etc. What they do is swing, a term or honorable antecedents (see Duke Ellington) that is too little heard these days. For a working definition Fred Lipsius's alto solos are more than just adequate; they are, quite frankly, better saxophone playing or just plain better anything playing than one would expect to hear on a rock and roll record. Lipsius blows right up to the limits of the form and even makes them bulge a little, but he neither pierces nor transcends them. He doesn't need to and it is doubtful that he wants to. What he sets out to do is play the blues, and a booting, exciting pair of blues solos they are.

It would have been a minor miracle if the entire album had maintained that level. Most of it is merely very good. The only weakness lies in Steve Katz's vocals, and his choice of material does nothing to minimize the dull graininess of his voice. Tim Buckley's "Morning Glory" and Katz's own "Meagan's Gypsy Eyes" are the two folkiest songs on the record. They make pretty limp vehicles for the horn section—and why did Kooper and Lipsius chose to frame "Morning Glory" with the corniest kind of Ferguson over-arranged opening and closing riffs? Probably this, like the animal sound effects, will be forgotten by the time they record again.

Compared to The Mothers, say, not to mention Sun Ra or Roswell Rudd, Blood, Sweat and Tears is not very far out musically. But they come across, baby, they do come across.

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Dock of the Bay, Otis Redding (Volt S419)

When Stevie Winwood first heard the single after which this album is named, he said "Is it a Dylan song? Eric Burdon? Sounds like Otis." Stevie's credentials are excellent, and his answer is very revealing. "Dock of the Bay" does sound very much like something that Dylan could have written. Both he and Otis were headed in the same direction.

As it is, it is Otis' last single (Stax-Vot) thinks they have enough good unreleased tapes to make an other album) and the only indication left of where Otis was going to take us. It is possible to think that the tremendous emotional impact of this song — and that would be the indication of its soul — is in part due to his death, but the song itself, a distillation of all that's best in soul ballads, stands as one of Otis' very best recordings. "Dock of the Bay" indicated a real change in Otis' ballad style; he refined down to two beautiful lines the techniques of tension against melancholy that he used in "Fa Fa Fa Fa Fa" and "Try a Little Tenderness."

The cuts on this "memorial album" were selected by Jon Landau, who

went through all of Otis' recordings and picked his best performances with the exception of most of the best-known material. People who don't buy R&B singles should be especially grateful as should those who are not disc jockeys and did not obtain the Stax "Stay in School" album, a release which featured all the Stax-Volt performers in an anti-drop out propaganda piece, "Huckle-Buck" from that album is a performance that swings like mad. Where the horns aren't carrying it, the bass is. Just great.

"I'm Coming Home," a nearly faultless display of Otis' voice, because of the arrangement, particularly the horns which provide the primary texture, is relatively uninteresting and should probably not have been included in this set. "Ole Man Trouble" is too loose on this recording. While it is a fine song and a moving one with which to close this album, it can be found in a much better version on Otis Blue.

Dock of the Bay is one of the finest collections of Otis' recordings: the others are *History of Otis Redding* which contains all of his big hits; and *Dictionary of Soul* ("Complete and Unbelievable").

Dock of the Bay is one of the essential LPs for Redding fans. It is an excellent collection, obviously put together with both love and respect for what Otis Redding did and who he was. In many ways, *this* is the history of Otis Redding. "Tramp," his duet with Carla Thomas, really brings it home. Carla says "You know what Otis? You're country, you straight from the Georgia woods." And Otis says "That's good." It sure is.



Steppenwolf (Dunhill 50029)

At one time, this group was known as the Sparrow. They had emigrated from Canada, settled in the Bay Area, played a lot of the minor clubs and were terrible.

Now they are the Steppenwolf, live in Los Angeles and have a record which is quite good. The material and their instrumental style is nothing too original; in fact, their first record is a compendium of current and past techniques, attitudes and material. But it works and works very well.

The recording opens with their subsequently released single, "Skookie, Skookie," by Don Covay. Covay, although not very well known, is one of the best R&B writers in the

world ("Chain of Fools," "Mercy, Mercy") and it is appropriate that they would feature his songs. They do it very well and with an overlay of modern techniques, notably fuzz-tone.

Then they have this track called "Berry Rides Again," a small musical tribute to the rhythms, runs and reality of Chuck Berry. Memphis, Tennessee, Nadine and Johnny B. Goode are done up in an attractive instrumental package that is tight and that rocks perfectly. It's a straight, obviously intentional, steal from Berry, but it is brought right up to date in its performance.

Following this is Willie Dixon's classic "Hootchie Kootchie Man," a song primarily identified with Muddy Waters. Although this number seems to fit well into the concept of the LP, the vocal really doesn't make it because the mimicry is on the wrong side of flattery.

The original material — with one or two exceptions — sounds pretty much the same, but that's good.

The fascinating thing about this album is not that it is just a tasteful and well-executed look at the various modes of rock and roll, but that those modes also include a sampling of the most attractive varieties that are heard in San Francisco. For instance, "Your Wall's Too High" opens like a Country Joe and the Fish number and closes like a PigPen piece from the Grateful Dead. "Desperation," which is one of the best tracks on the record, including the R&B tributes, sounds exactly like the Quicksilver Messenger Service. The vocal has a deep, throaty sound that is very effectively mournful. The piece — five minutes long — works wonderfully. "A Girl I Knew" contains fuzz-tone guitar, a feedback guitar solo and the bass and drums working at once the same notes and notes. There's also a harpsichord. It all falls somewhere between Quicksilver and Buffalo Springfield.

The main thing about this album is that it's just nice.

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Frank Zappa's Tragic Tale Of Awful People

Continued from Page 6

ested in the superficial aspects of of what we do, such as our packaging, and so on and so forth. If that entertains yah — you're fucked!"

The Mothers are currently spending many hours recording the soundtrack for the film "technicolor extravaganza" *Uncle Meat*—"The Mothers' Movie, a surrealist documentary on the group," as Frank described it. "We're trying to get it done before The Mothers move back to California in May, to Los Angeles."

When asked about the reason for the move, Frank began with, "Because we don't like San Francisco. No, we're moving because we don't like New York. I don't like New York, which is probably the basis for it. It makes me sick to stumble over people dying in the street. It's a drag. I don't like it. I don't like the weather, and so on and so forth and so on and so forth."

All instruments played and sounds made on the soundtrack are done by The Mothers themselves. There's one sound that appears to be a trumpet, but is "really a clarinet. There's this box that Gibson makes. 210 tracks have been made and are being mixed on a 12-track machine."

Frank is very interested in "upgrading American musical tastes. Most Americans weren't trained to hear music as music. Kids used to learn about social conduct from the records they heard. It was a complete handbook. Today, if you buy the right batch of albums, you may become the enlightened teenager. He feels, though, that "people are more intelligent than record companies imagine them to be."

Frank refers to the album *Lumpy Gravy* as "the suppressed record" which is used as a political football. Capitol signed him to produce an LP with an orchestra, without the Mothers. After it was completed, although Frank is not technically signed to MGM (only as a member of The Mothers), MGM threatened to sue, and in the end bought the LP from Capitol. However, MGM has not put it out.

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ARTISTIC FREEDOM THE CENTRAL ISSUE IN UNDERGROUND FM STATION WALKOUT

Continued from Page 8—

that, he said, "only because I bitched about it."

Neither KMPC nor KPCC are union shops, obviously. By comparison, AM stations affiliated with the American Federation of Radio and Television Artists (AFTRA), which never tried to organize the Crosby stations, pay a minimum scale of \$260 a week.

Owner Crosby himself claimed, on the first night of the strike, that "our announcers are highest paid FM announcers in the city." However, he's got more than announcers protesting small paychecks.

KMPC's shapely staff of engineers spun turntables for \$1.50 an hour until January, when management raised salaries to \$1.75-\$2 an hour. Weekend announcers get \$1.75, and the record librarian is stuck, still, at \$1.50.

The strikers are especially pissed at the salary situation when their paychecks are played against the success story of KMPC. "The station was so bad off when I first came in," Donahue said, "that the telephones had been disconnected."

But the prime gripe reflected the employees' feeling that they were slowly being forced out of their jobs, not because of anything they'd done, but because of who they were. "When these stations were teetering on the brink of collapse (as in the case of KMPC) or were starting from scratch (as with KPCC), management was content to have long-haired, bearded, or barefoot employees create the success these stations enjoy today."

"Now management has seen fit to remove and replace some of the people who created the concept of KMPC and KPCC; management has attempted to deceive employees and create office conspiracies of such bizarre nature that they constitute impossible working conditions," says the AAetc.

The villain of the piece is supposedly Harry Rogers, the Crosby-Pacific company legal counsel, who reputedly considers hippie types "repulsive." He told Milan Melvin, "We will make you station manager (of KPCC) if you will cut your hair," and initiated what Tom Donahue called "a system of KPCC people spying on each other." Donahue added, "they wanted me to be a hall monitor and keep people who didn't work at the station out of the halls."

The artistic freedom issue revolves around orders banning certain album cuts from airplay, among them Stephenwolf's "The Pusher" and Blue Cheer's "Parchment Farm," because of "profane" lyrics. Crosby insists

management interference has taken place "only to comply with FCC rules and regulations." However, KMPC station manager Ron Hunt admitted telling KMPC announcer Ed Bear not to play classical cuts lasting more than five minutes. This was said, "for programming balance."

Support for the strikers has come from many quarters. Joan Baez, Mimi Fariña, the Grateful Dead, Blue Cheer, Judy Collins, Jefferson Airplane, Country Joe & The Fish and numerous other American performers as well as John Mayall and the Rolling Stones from England requested that KMPC and KPCC do not play their records as long as they are being operated by strikebreakers. The Stones, in fact, wired from Lon-

labor has also been anxious to help. The National Labor Relations Board has not declared the strike a bona fide labor dispute because the AAetc. is not affiliated with any recognized union, and does not have any clearly defined organizational setup. The International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, the National Maritime Union, the Teamsters and the Machinists have all offered to take the fledgling union under their wings.

"We appreciate the offers," Donahue declared, "but we'd just be walking into another establishment structure... although I do like the idea of having Harry Bridges (of the ILWU) negotiate with Crosby."

Bob McClay, one of the \$100 a week DJs and a member of the KMPC negotiating committee, said that where straight unions on strike are under pressure because their strike funds are limited, "our strike fund is infinite. The whole community is supporting us."

The "community" turned out in force for a benefit at the Avalon Ballroom on March 20, where music was provided gratis by the Grateful Dead, Charley Musselwhite, Kaleidoscope and three other bands. The Family Dog made the hall available without charge — even the light show was donated — and the strike fund netted \$1800. Even more successful was the KPCC-strikers' benefit at the Kaleidoscope in Los Angeles with Jefferson Airplane, Tiny Tim, several local bands and Sioux Indian war dancers.

There was also a weekend fair (not to be confused with the first-night party of 500 people dancing in the street) outside the KMPC offices near North Beach which was highlighted by Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead jamming with Traffic. It was supposed to be a street fair, but the San Francisco city fathers refused the AAetc. a permit, ostensibly because an announcement read over the air before the strike had caused an unauthorized closing of Haight Street two weeks earlier, so the action took place in a nearby parking lot.

Negotiations are proceeding by fits and starts. There have been only two sessions thus far, both inconclusive. It can be considered a victory for the strikers that they have forced Crosby, Rogers and Avery to meet with them at all. McClay and Donahue are both confident that some agreement will be reached within the week but "are ready to stay out forever, if we have to."

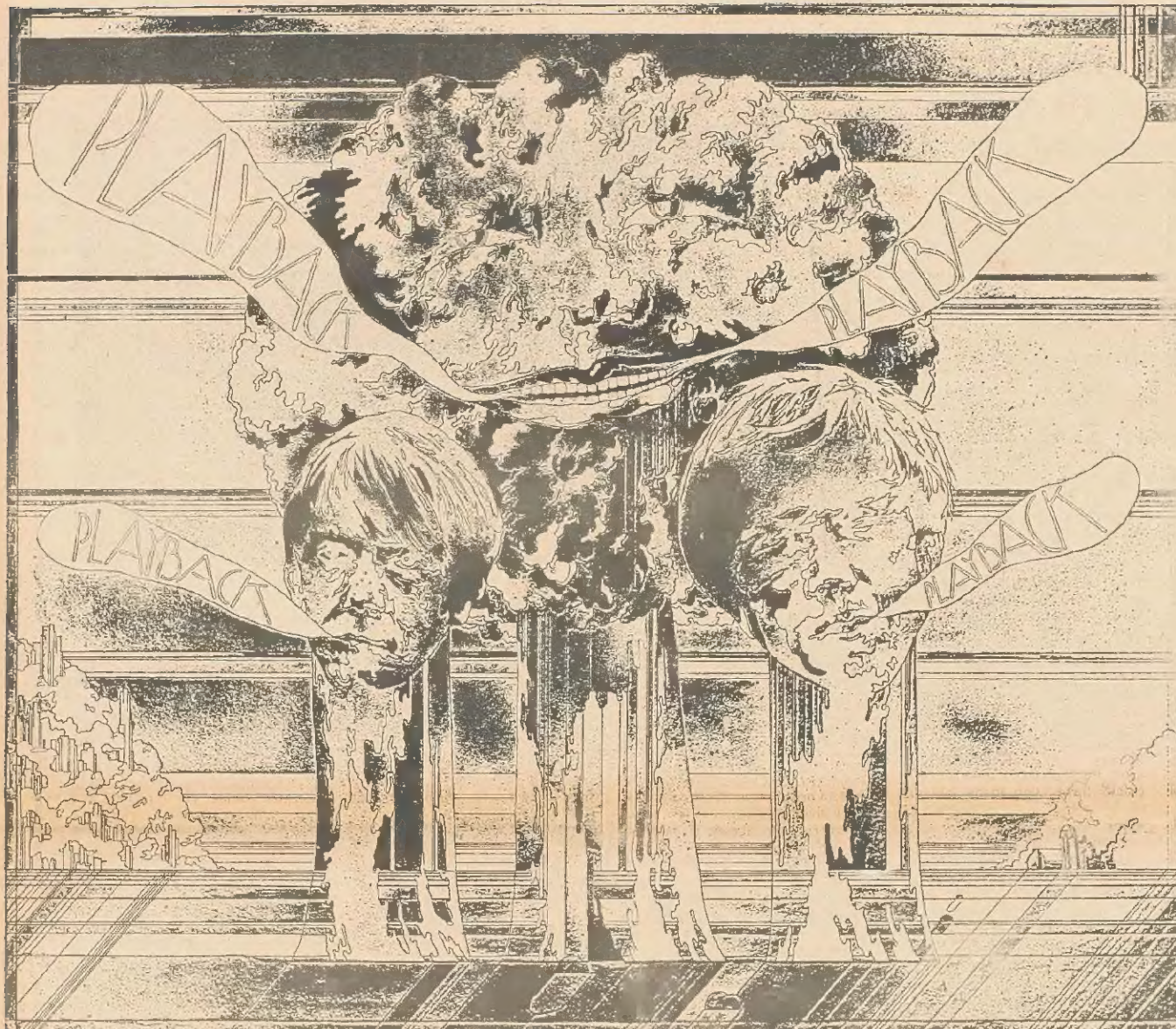


TOM DONAHUE

don that "We support your battle against the bureaucracy and will keep the faith over here."

Record companies who had been KPCC and KMPC sponsors, including Warner Brothers/Reprise, MGM/Verve and A&M withdrew their advertising. So have over 95% of all other sponsors, leaving the stations, which are remaining on the air with announcers recruited from local colleges and other stations whose programming is predictably haphazard, out \$1,000 a week. Crosby is doing one show himself at KPCC under the dubious pseudonym of "Daddy Bangtree."

The Peace and Freedom Party convention voted its backing of the "Rock Power strikers." Organized



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A bit of tragic relief. An elegy to the future.

And the eternal etcetera.

The stage is solid Rock, with a backdrop of forbidden fruit.

A theatre of Experience. A theatre of Memory.

Where day-to-day scenes unfold as *sounds*,
mirrored in the tape recorder of the mind.

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